

This trectyse is of lone and spe
 fyth of iij of the most specyall lo
 ups that ben in the worlde and the
 wyth beyn and perficely bi gret
 reſons and Cauſis/hold the mer
 uelous & bou nteuous lone that
 our lord Iheſu cryſte had to man
 nys ſoule exceedyth to ferre alle o
 ther louses as apperith well by the
 paynfull paſſion and tormētis y
 he ſuffryd for the redempcyon ther
 of. ſo that alle lousis y euyr were
 or euyr ſhalke arne not to be lyke
 nyd to the leſt parte of y lone that
 was in hym. Whiche trectyse was
 tranſlatid out of frenſhe Into en
 glyſhe/the pere of our lord M cccc
 lxxxvij/by a perſone that is wyper
 fight in ſuche werke wherfor he hu
 bly byſecte the lernyd reders wyth
 pacyens to correcte it where they
 fynde nede. And they & alle other
 reders of their charyte to pray for
 the ſoule of the ſayde tranſlatour
Anticū beate marie de dolo
 re ſuo in paſſione filii ſui pleni
 tudo legis eſt dilectio:

The apoſtel ſeinte pou
 le ſeyth the fulſpl
 yng of the lalbe ys
 lone & ſeynte gre
 gory ſeyth

Quicquid precipitur in ſola
 caritate ſolidatur/

All thys that ys comaunded in y
 olde lalbe and in the newe is/or

ly in lone cōfermed for thys ſeyth
 ſeynt auſtyn **H**abe caritatē et
 quicquid vis Have ye charite and
 do what ye wyll ſo it Agre wyth
 charite and all ſhall turne to your
 wele/As ſeynt Ambroſe ſeyth af
 ter that ſame effecte in contrary
 wordys **Q**ui non habet carita
 tem omne bonū quod habet amit
 tit/Who that hath no charyte he le
 ſeth alle the weles/that he hath or
 ony thyng that man doth wythou
 te lone is not acceptable to god/ &
 of thys ſeyth ſeynte poule **S**i
 linguis hominū loquar et angelo
 rum Itē ſi tradidero corpus meū
 ita Et ardeā et ſi distribuero ōnes
 facultates meas in cibos pauperū
 caritatem autē nō habuerō nichil
 michi prodeſt/Though that I cou
 de ſpeke wyth tongue of angell &
 man And that I ſhuld do neuer
 ſo moche penaunce and yelde my bo
 dy to the fyre to be brent and geſt
 alle my good to fede poore folkes
 If I hadde not wyth thys lone in
 god and to alle folkes for god all
 thys ſhuld no thyng proſpē/for
 as ſeyth the ſoli abbot moſes All
 the penaunce that we ſuffer and o
 ther good werkes that we do or
 cauſe to be don/ne be but Inſtru
 mentis for to aveyd the herte that
 lone may more ſone growbe ther in
 wyth ſoly deuocōn/ and thys may
 ye ſee be enſample If a nedill ſoll

yd not nor sherd/clipped not who
wold hold them in ther hards me
loue not such thyngis for them
self but for the helpe/that men do
worth hem/ So is it of the wer
shys/of penance they be not to be
loued for them self only/ but for þ
holp loue that groweth in the herte
of man be their helpe and be their pro
creacion and that Ihu criste mo
re sooner sendeth his grace & ma
keth the herte cleane and of clea
spight. Whiche none may haue that
be occupied and ouer corians/ abou
te worlde banys and carnall
loue/ for thys that the loue of the
worlde despyth þ eye of þ thought
that it may not knowe god/ nor
goue no conforthe in beholding
him specially that is full of ioye
clea loue of herte as. saint/ bernar
de seyth So seyth he ij thynges/
oon is/ thys all that ye do of welk
to it specially for the loue of god
or for the loue of your neighbour
in god. In alle your dedys haue
one of these ij entetes or both for
the secunde cometh of the fyrste
and who hath his herte enclode
of thys special loue no well is
won in heuene nor in erthe but he
is partner therof/ as seyth saynt
paul/ **O**mnia munda mudiis
quoinquinatis autē nihil mundū
To folkes of clea harte belon
geth all chynesse And the folkes

of folke harte no clea thyng bel
geth/ For thys/ ouer alle other
thynges be corpous. to kepe your
harte clea in the loue of our lord
Ihu criste and no thyng desyre in
thys worlde/ but only the loue of
god and the thynges that helppeth
polt towarde hym/ loue no thyng
for them self/ thus as mete and
dynne/ man or woman or other
thynges necessary þ helppeth polt
to your leuynge and to be susteyned
in þ seruyse of our lord ihu criste
For thus spaketh saynt Austyn
to our lord sayng **A**mus te
amat & aliquod pter te amat quod
propter te non amat. This is to
sey ye loue god lesse thanne any
other thyng that ye loue without
te hym yf ye loue it not for hym/ lo
ue shall be put in the balancer of
saynt mychel and they that moste
hath loued most shall be glorified
in heuene/ and not they that haue
ke hardeste lyf & longeste penance
or but tho that most haue loued. au
gustinus. **N**on diuturnitas
temporū / nō vniuersitas bonorum
operū auget meritū Sed maior ca
ritas maior qz solitas auget me
ritum. This encreaseth not chyl
the meryte to be longe in good lyf
& to do many good werkes/ But
greatest charyte and best wyll en
creaseth the meryte. loue is/ the Ce
nycall of paradyse for is gude

freedom for he wythholdyth no thyng
ge but geueth all that he hath and
hym self also/as saynt poule seyth

Charitas nō querit q3 sua sūt.
Charyte despyth not that is hys/
olone/ and ryght marueylously
loueth the souerayn god charite. for he
maketh hys hys chambryer
hys counsellour hys/ spouse fro
whom he may hide no thinge that
he wyll do of thought that he hath
in hys herte. as he seyd to abraham
in genysis. **N**ūquit celare pos
tero abrahā que gesturus sum.

Shuld I seyd our lord hys from
abraham onp thyng that i may do
naye in no maner so dre is loue
wyth hym that he maketh it hys
felaw and yet wyll i sey more/ y
god maketh it hys mayster for
thys/ that he doth all that loue hym
comaundyth Shall I mōd proue
thys. ye wythholdre saye he these
wordes/ For he seyth he that
was the man of the world/ that
most loued god in hys tyme in y
bookie of Nombrys/ **D**iuisi
iuncta Verbu tuū nō dicit preces/

I had thought seyd our lord to
moyse to auenged me on thys/
people But ye sey me that i shuld
not/ your worde he ther warant//
Men sey that loue byndeth/ ye for
trowth Loue bonde the allmyghty
god so fermely that he myght no
thyng do but as loue gaf hym leue

nōd proue the thys/marueyle.

Comune nō est qui consurgat
et teneat e. Lord seyd I saye wyll
ye stryke & wee may sey alas/
ther is non that holdeth pols as he
ought For yf onp loued you ryght
he myght holde pols and lette pols
that ye wold not do it **E**n gene

si ad loth. Festina non potui ibi
quicquā facere donec egressus fue
ris. This was Iohanne our lord
wold cofounde sodom and gomoz
loth hys louer was/ther to whom
our lord seyd haste you to go oute

offodom for hefor that ye be gone
may I do the none harme/ he ap
pereth wherbi the louers/of the
souerayn kyng of heuene bindeth hym

A lone loue holdethold arte prec
ous & wythout pr. Lone is lyke
to a precous stonoe that is of su
che vertue that who that hath it
shall haue what thyng he wold
che wyth the sayd stone the same
vertue hath lone For yf ye loue y
vertues/or countres y other fol
kes haue in them their welles/ ye
make yours be the welchpyng of
your holy lone/as saynt gregory
seyth/ **A**liena bona si diligis

tua facis. If ye lone the goodnes
se of other ye make it yours wyth
oute onp mor tranaple Lone hold
ethold arte precous and wyth out
pr. Nou ryght dre beloued in god
take hede to thre thynges he wythch

pe may lerne lofer for pe oughte to
 loue our lord on thyng is y grete
 & doctys and graces that he hath
 geuyn pou on other y the grete
 loue that he hath shewed pou. The
 thyrd that he despyth your loue so
 faruently. Nold remembre pou wel
 that grete gyft most comosly dras
 doeth & encresyth loue. And what
 hath god geuyn pon All y world
 wyth the apporthenaunce and pa
 radyse wyth alle hys deltyes And
 to ada our fader alle the thyng &
 creatures vnder heuene as byrdys
 bestis & feshys alle were put vnder
 y foote of man & at our comā
 ment befor the synne of hym lofer
 of dauid seyth. **O**mnia subie
 cisti sub pedibz eius ones et boues
 And yet for all that these thinges
 he ordeyned styll for to sarue the
 good and susteyne them in the ser
 uyse of our lord. Another gyfte
 hath he geuyn vs and euery day
 geuyth vs thys is hym self for to
 kepe vs and helpe vs in alle our
 nedys. As seyt saynt Austyn.

De multis periculis liberauit
 me virtute sua. Quando erraba re
 dixit me. quando ignoraba docuit.
 me/quando contristabar consolatus
 est me/quando peccaba corripuit me
 quando cecidi erexit me. quando ste
 ti tenuit me/quando iui dixit me/
 fecit et alia multa fecit michi domi
 nus meus/de quo erit michi dulcor

semper loqui/semper cogitare/semi
 per gratias agere/ Of many party
 lps hath deliuered me my sauoure
 Iohane I walked he led me. Iohane
 I colde nat he taught me. Iohane
 I synned repued me. Iohanne I
 was heuy he conforcted me. Iohane
 I fell he aseyed me. Iohane I stode
 he susteyned me. Iohane i 30de he led
 me. Thys grete bounty & many
 other hath doon to me mi lord ihu
 cryste of whom it shall be allwey
 swete to speke and to thynke and
 allwey to yelde hym thankyng.
 For full euery shall besalle of vs
 if he tooke not good kepe of vs for
 our enemyes haue besette vs/all
 aboute to cofounde vs. Thys ys
 to/finolwe. our flesch/the fende;and
 the world. vnder Versus. **N**os
 certant triplici certamine tues ini
 mici. Serpens antiquus caro lu
 brica mudus iniquus. Ther eney
 myes greue vs/he thre maner of
 batayles as the olde serpente the fe
 de and the freke vnstabyll flesch &
 the decrynable world/ as saynte
 Barnard seyth. **O** anima inno
 cens. o lilium candens. O flos te
 ner delicatus vide quomodo caute a
 bulas inter spinas habitas subis
 fores tecu habes: intra & sut extra
 & sunt/ super & sunt/ circa & sunt
 In carne tua suut. O ye Innoſent
 folde O ye flour of kely fayr and
 whyte O ye tender & delycous

flour take heed that ye go wysely
amonge the thornys for ther in ha
bete your deadly enemies that way
te to ouertrowle you and wyth
inne you they be & wythoute you
they be ouer you they be and. woun
de abowte you they be/nolde se how
grette a gyfte this is of god for to
defende you he hys good wyll/as
dauid seyth/ **¶** Scito bone Volun
tatis tue coronasti nos/ **¶** Saye lord
de seyth dauid/grette thynges haue ye
geuyn vs/for ye haue crowned vs
wyth the shylde of your good wyll
¶ But these gyftes beforseyd be but
lytyll in comparyson of on gyfte
that he hath geuyn vs /that is the
gyfte of hym self for so moche lo
ued he vs that he hath geuyn hym
self to vs wherof saynt poule seyth
¶ Christus dilexit ecclesiam et dedit
se ipsum pro eo. **¶** Jhu cryste loued
so moche hys loue y he wold gyf
hym self for hyr so hys a gyfte was
neuyr geuyn to such wretches, ne
for such wretches/ **¶** Augustinus.
¶ Miser ego quantum deo dilige
re deum meum cum me fecit non ardo
re nec auerem nec aliquod de anima
libus Sed hominem me voluit esse
Seyth saynte Augustyn alas I
wretch how I oughte to loue my
lord god that made me whane I
was no thynge and nother tre nor
byrde nor non other best but man
wold he that I wate and gaf me

wherwyth to leue and to fele and
knowe good & ylle I was prish
and iuged to deth & he dysceded to
me mortall & mortalyte & cryed
suffred pascoff and beynguysh
deth and thus he me establysh
wher I was parrysh & sold in myn
owne synnes/and he cam aftyr me
to bye me ageyn. and so deuly lo
ued he me that the pyres of his pre
cious blood he gaf for me he such
condemncion that the remembraunce
of hym shold alwey abyde in me/

In canticis canticorum
Sponsus ad sponsam/ **¶** Pone
me ut signaculum super cor tuum
Et ut signaculum super brachium
tuum/ **¶** Saye loue seyth our lord and
loue jhu cryste put me as a lytyll
seale on your herte to the entente y
ye may thynke on me oftyn/ & put
me as a scale vpon your arme so
that ye embrace me wyth holy deu
cyon. **¶** Ryght dere beloued frende in
god nolde take hede ententpfully and
wyth grette deuocyon to thys en
sample that foloweth/and wherfor
ye shuld loue thys swete jhu cryst
therin shall ye fynde delicious ma
tyr for thys hath don jhu y syng
of glorie he your solle that is hys
loue as doth a syng of farre con
treys. that luyth a strange lady &
sendeth his messengers/before wyth
hys litters of loue: In the same
maner dyde our lord jhu y sente

hys patryarkis & hys prophetis of
the olde testament wryth letters.
These were the swete prophetes.
of hys gracious comynge in to er
the & thane at the laste he cam all
pyncly and brought wryth hym þ
gospels as lettres opened & wryt
ted wryth his pyncous blood. and
wryth þ same saued he hys loue to
conquer hys Nold leth her a tale in
synnyspaunce of the entyre loue
of our swete lord. Ihu cryste Ther
was a lady som tyme in gret war
re wryth hys dedly enemyes þ had
dystroyed the substance of all hys
londe and she all poore was lese
ged in an olde castell wryth hym
wounde abowte & thys castell was
weyke and made of full febyll ma
ter. Neuerthelesse ther was a ryche
kyng and of gret polver þ mar
ueylously loued her wryth such far
neue that often he sente hys mes
sengers on to her & sente her mani fair
gyllys & good socours wryth
wryth she myght be susteyned and
good helpe of hys noble meny to
defende her & hys castell. And she
receyued alle these thynges as a by
kyne þ vnwethys colde yelde hym
a gramercy for alle these gret wo
lps so rude & harde was hys herte
hollo he it had not the counte and
the pte of thys noble kyngs lene
she had he utterly loste & dystroy
ed for he was so suppresed wryth

hys loue that at þ laste he cam him
self to the rose of the tour and she
wed hys his fayre visage whiche
was most fayr of alle other to be
holde and spake to hys soo swete
wordys & delicions þ they myght
haue quikned a body half dede.
Ther dyd he mani marueyles/and
shewed gret mastres/and befor
hys epen proued parte of hys po
wer. and tolde of hys ryche and
offrid to make hir quene of all þ he
had & to gif hir all his ryme wryth
thys that she wolde gyf hym hys
loue wrythoute more. But thys
was in Seyne for hys lone wolde
she not promysse hym. Al was not
thys a gret abusyon of thys flesly
wretch that was not worthy to
serue vnder his feet/pte of hys de
bonarite pte hadde so beyngysse
him he for of lone þ at þ laste he se
ide. Al madam I se well ie he gretly
griued wryth your enemyes that
he soo ner you and so fers & strong
ge that ye may in no wyse escape
ther handis/ but they wyll put you
to euell and sowdysfull de th but ye
haue helpe/wrythfor I wyl for your
loue enterprise this bataile vpon
them to dysconfort your enemyes
hollo he it I knowe well þ I shall
receyue amonge them full harde &
dedly woundys but wryth my good
wyl I shall take them tho wryth
me your herte. And nold I pray

you full pconsly wepyng for the
 grete loue that I shall shewe you
 that at the leste ye wyll loue me
 after my pynfull deth syth in my
 lyf ye wyll not loue me thanne in
 thys maner entred thys kynge in
 to this batayle and dystounfreted
 alle hys enemyes & deliuered hys
 from them that purposed hys deth
 and was hym self wounded so so-
 re and greuously that he dyed but
 by miracle was he fowdeth to lyue
 was not thys lady ouyr vnnatur-
 ell and moche to be blamed if she lo-
 ued not hym ouyr all other Thys
 same kynge is the swete Ihus y
 in thys maner hath loue to our
 folowes. that fendes hadde beseged
 and he as a noble sauour sente
 hys many messengers & many gre-
 te countres toone to her. and fy-
 nalle cam hym self for to proue
 hys loue and shewed well he che-
 ualrye that he was. worthi to be he
 loued. wherof seyth saynte barnar-
 de. **N**onne dei filius cum esset
 sinu patris a regalibus sedi-
 bus pro anima tua descendit Et ea-
 liter. et a potestate dyaboli quam
 cu audisset peccatoru finibus irre-
 tica iam qz demonibus tradendam
 Et morte perpetua dampnaretur fle-
 uit super illa qui se flere nesciebat
 nec solum fleuit sed ecia occidi per-
 tulit. Vnde Versus **A**spice morta-
 lis per te datur hostia talis. **N**e se

you not rght dte frendes seyth
 saynte barnarde that Ihus cryste
 the sone of god hold that he kynge
 in the bosom of hys father descen-
 ded fro that rpal sece in the que-
 nly empyre for the loue he hadde
 to your folow to deliuer hys fro y
 powder of the fende whanne he har-
 de hold she was beseged and wpyth
 the bondys of synne enbrased and
 wpythoute tarpenge sholde haue be
 deliuered to the fende to the prson
 of helle and was condemned to
 pardurable deth. And he be grete
 pyte and compassoun wepte full
 tenderly for her in almoste as she
 nother colde wepe nor helpe hys
 self and pete he wepe not only but
 offred hym self to dye for hys re-
 se. Beholde now mortall wretchys
 who suffrid deth for your lyf. thys
 dyd the swete Ihesus the kynge of
 heuene to wyne your loue as
 knyghte were toone to do som ty-
 me he cam to the tourney and for
 the loue of his loue whiche is iour-
 folow bar his shylde on alle partys
 of the batayle as **A** balpaunte
 knyght and **A** hardy hys shylde
 that couered the godhede was hys
 blessed body that was spred vpon
 the harde crosse ther appered he as
A shylde in hys armys wpyth hys
 handys streyned and prised and
 hys feete napled

down as summe men sey the tone
vppon the tother And wher thys
shylde had no sode synnerspeth y
hys dyscyples that sholde haue be
shilde to his sodeis/flede alle/ from
hym as he seyth in the gospell.

Relicto eo omnes fugerunt.
They be alle flede & left hym all
for fere of deth Thys shylde is ge
uyn vs for our dyffense apenste
alle euellis and alle temptaciō. as
saynte Jerome seyth/

Dabit
strictū cordis in laborem tuū. Lord
ihesu cryste thanked be ye/ ye haue
geuyn vs a shylde for our bettes
whiche is y thoughte of your peyn
full/trauayle wherof seyth saynte
Barnard.

Quid tā efficac
curandū vulnēra nec nō ad pur
gandū mentis quā cristi Vulne
rū sedula meditacio/ what thynge
is so spedfull to hele and purge y
spyrituall woundys. as ententys
medytaciō of y sorrowfull wound
ys of our swete lord ihu cryste/ &
dauid seyth wyth thys shylde be
supposed alle they that loue hym
And serue hym nyght and day.

Scito circūdabit te Veritas eius
non timebis a timore nocturno.
We drede we nat y fere of y nyght
for thys is the trooth the sone of
god/enupwoundyth vs wyth hys
shylde wher sum euyl we be. and
it more be his good wyll wyth hys
shylde he hath crownded vs. as da

uid seyth for wyth hys good wyll
suffred he all thys. as Iace seyth.

Oblatus est quia ipse voluit/
Now wyll ye sey parauēture wher
for suffred he these manueplous
gret peynes myght he nolyght per
redeme vs fro helle Al yis/ yis my
ght he wyth moche les yf it had
pleased hym/ but he wolde not so
wherfor but to shelde vs fro mo
che he loued vs. and to gys vs en
sample to loue hym: for such as
men loue lypell they sette it lyghtli
go and if they haue it not they as
ke not therafter/ & also the more
peyne and harme that a man suf
ferth for hys frende the more hys
he to be beloued/ wherof saynte ber
nard seyth/

Amplius michi
vilius esse non deo quia tantum
deo placuit anima mea. Et mori
pro me eligeret ne me perderet. In
asmoche as the swete ihesus was
more vyle in erthe for me in so
moche ys he to me more deere in
swete loue for I coude not thynke
that he had loued me so moche/ Al
swete ihu fro hensforth ought I
not to sette lypell be my solle syn
it was so plessaunte to hym that
he chaas rather to suffre deth thā
ne lese it Jē Barnardus **N**isi
amasset me dulciter nō me in car
cere Requississet illa maiestas. If y
swete ihesu had not loued me the
more feruently he had

not come from hys hygh ryall ma
 ieste for me that was so lowe in
 helle In thys shylde be thre thynges
 y^e son is the woode. y^e thother is the
 skyn and the thyrde is the colour
 Thys it is of the shylde that Ihu
 cryste hath left yow The woode of
 the crosse the lethir of the pynfull
 passyng of our lord And colour of
 hys red blood Thane the skyn of
 hys precious body was all to ren
 te and broken and colored wyth
 hys precious blood and the crosse
 also The thyrde reason of thys shyl
 de is that after the deth of a baly
 aunte syngher men shulde shelve
 hys shylde in the remembrance of
 hym Thys shylde is the crucyfyx
 that is sette in y^e chyrche wher me
 may se and thinke of the chualtye
 that our lord Ihu cryste dyd on hys
 Bypon the crosse/ on the mounte of
 caluarye befor theym of hys blef
 ted dexe sowdofull mother Thys
 shylde is haggd byp in every chyr
 che y^e hys loue whych is our sol
 le may beholde how dexe he hath sou
 ght her/ he lette not to lere hys shyl
 de & to oppn hys syde to shelve hys
 herte & shelve all ostenli how entyr
 ly he loved her and how she oughte
 osten to thynke of the tokyens of
 loue that in thys shylde is: synngy
 fred wherof seyth saynte Bernar
 de **O** felix anima aspice inclina
 cione capitis ad osculu/ extencio

nem brachioru ad amplexum. **O**
 ye blessed and happy spowse of ihu
 cryste beholde on the crucyfyx the
 shylde of ihesu cryste your spowse
 And se the inclinacyon of hys hed
 to kysse yow/ se the spredynge of
 hys armys to clpye yow beholde
 the openynge of hys syde and the
 crucyfyenge of hys sayr body and
 wyth greet affectyoun of your ho
 ly loue turne it and retorne it from
 syde to syde/ fro the hede to the fete
 and ye shall fynde that ther was
 neuer sorow nor payne lyke to that
 payne our lord Ihesu cryste endu
 red for your loue & seyth he hath
 geyn so myche for your loue and
 yet may not haue it/ It is gre mar
 ueyle/ I may seyth he gyt now no
 more wherfor ye wyll loue me and
 that forthymeth me but whanne
 I may no further I shall sey suche
 thynges wherof ye shall haue ppe
 yf ye wyll at the leste be charyte of
 greet gyttes. wherof spelieth saynte
 Barnarde. **C**etera compaciendu
 est ei qui dedit nobis clauos in
 salsam carnem in cibum/ sanguis
 nem in potum/ aquam ex latere /
 in balneum sudorem sanguinis
 in medicina & propriam animam
 in redemptionem. **E**xuly is the
 swete Ihesu cryste **A** hertely lo
 uer and **A** compassonate that
 hath gnyen vs/ so many greet sy
 ckaltes Beholde

holo he hath geuyn vs/hys naye
les in sauce. hys swete fleshe in
mete/hys precyous blood in drynke
he watyr of hys precyous spede in
Baptesme hys bloody swete in mede
cyne/hys propre blessed soule in
our redempcyon. What may wee
more saye that he shuld dye for vs
Alas/ alas/ full harde is that her
te and full vnnaturell that wyll
not loue hym that hath geuyn so
muche for their loue. here is a gret
specialt wherfor we shold loue god.
The secunde cause wherfor god
is to be beloued more thane
any other thyng is for the mar
ueylous. gret loue that he hath she
wed vs. ouer alle other louys.
Eher be four special louys: in this
worlde y one is. felwene in good
felawes. The tother felwene mo
ther and chyld. The thyrde felwe
ne body and soule. And the fourth
felwene man and wyf. But the de
re loue that Ihu cryste louyth vs
and also that we shulde loue hym.
passeth & surmounteth alle other
louys. Men myght say that thys
were a right good felaw that wol
de laye hys plegge in place for to
aquite hys felaw olde of dette &
of vsurpe/ but the swete Ihu put
hym self in place and kyd hys ten
dyr body to aquite hys loue wher
e he is our soule olde of the pry
son of helle and of alle vsurpes.

wherof dauid seyth. **E**t pro vsu
ris et iniquitate redimit animas
eoru. From alle vsuries and pry
uities/ he hath redemeth our souls.
lys Take heed now who brought
thys perraunte to the place. we
ye well it was the blessed mayden
our lady saynte mary that bare
the swete Ihu. the sone of god in
hys byrgynall wombe in the tyme
of wynter. & in the cyte of Beth
le for to put hym in plegge to ma
ke our pres. in the place wher the
aungels/ sunge gloriously befor
hys fader in heuene. **G**loria in
excelsis deo/ et in terra pax. Glo
rye be yeldyn on hye to god and in
erth pres to me of good wyll. But
loo how malycyous were these cru
ell felwes. that they dyed to log
ge this lady that bare thys blessed
plegge and in so colde atyme as it
was thenne in wynter/ parauen
tur it was frost and the pure byr
gyne mary grette wyth chyld/ and
went to seche sum place wher she
myght reste her she was so wery
of the gret trauayle that she hath
in walkyng moche of that day
tell it was. nye nyght and wyll
not wherther to goo sauf at the en
de of the toun was in hye walles
of wylkes. and thys pytonne wery
byrgyne entred ther and founde
an oxe. and an asse tyed ther and
so streyght was the

place. that vnnethe myght she and
Iosoppe hyr spowse haue ony come
to syt in wyth eke. But ther were
they fayne to reste till it was my
dnyght/that the sone of god was
borne/ and so poore was the bedde
of thys lady and so streyght that
hyr chylde might not lye by hyr as
seyth the gospel. ¶ **P**erit filiū
suū primogenitū ē pannis cū in
Voluit et reclinauit cū in preceptio
quia nō erat ei locus in diuisario.
Mary bare a sone & wrappyd hym
in poo: clothys/and leyd hym in y
raskie before bestys for thys. that
she had not in all the worlde so
moche place that hys lypyll swete
body myght lye in: for yf she
had put hym behynde the bestys yt
was/ so streyght there wser folkis
Wsed to go and cum that they shul
de haue hurte hym wyth their feete
the way was so nere there. **N**ow I
pray yow ryght dere sustyr rememb
ber yow stedfastly whane ye lye in
your large softe bed wel arayed
wyth ryche clothys and warme co
uerynge and hote furrys/ so well
at ese and your Jentylwoman so
redy to serue yow. thane thynke ye
often wyth gret pyte how she that
was/ the quene of angellys/ and
Empresse of all y worlde how hyr
bed was/ streyght and harde and
arayed wyth pore clothys. & was
so colde a tyme of the yere and at y

oure in the nyght. **A**nd how thys
poore and pious lady had gret
desyre to serue hym & in like wyse ha
ue in your mynde how hyr swete
sone our lord ihesu cryste lay full
hard in the raskie weymentyng
and tendryly wepyng as for colde
and dysse. as chyldeyne do werof
a holy man speketh. ¶ **A**git in
fans inter arta conditus/ prespio
The lypyll chylde waymentyng &
wepyng full piously where he lay
betwene the bestys/ in the streyght
manger hys. swete tender body
wrapt in poore clothys/ such as
that blessed byrgyn hys moder had
de bounden hys handes hys feete &
hys theyes/ wyth a streyght bende
And thene If ony had come to ihu
cryst and seyd to hym **A** ye swete
babe that he so yonge and so lypyll
wherfor make ye such sorow and
wepe so piously he myght haue an
swerd. yf it had pleased hym and he
of age to speke. What manueple is
It though i make sorow for I kno
we well y I am comyn in to thys.
place owte of my celestyal glorie
for to aquite such folkys. that
wyll not loue me. nor I shall ne
uer haue on good day nor on goo
de hour and I am now among so
felon people that wyll put them in
denour day and nyght to sey & do
me all y harre & payne y they may
thynke or deuyse. **N**euerthelesse I

shall enforce me nold so that my
frendis for whom I am come he:
ther wyll loue me/ but thys. is/ a
gret sorow that they for whom I
am come shall con me so lytell tha
ke for all y loue that I shalbe the
in my compnye. and for all the py
ne and turment that I shall go to
My deir frende in god trewly if
ye thynke on all these thyngis I
belue verly that in the nyght ye
wyll lye in such thoughtis and
haue beset your hed an Image of
our lady and salew the crowned
quene of the celestyal tione and
hys sone Ihesus the hys kyng
of heuene that lay in the bitt star
bul thus poorly/ I pray yow then
ke thene on my synfull soule that
It may haue parte of your deuot
cyon and I trust we shall fynde
thys that seynt poule promyseth
Be where he seyth yf we haue com
pacion to gadre in erthe wyth Ihe
sus and wyth hys blessed moder
we shall vyne togeder in he:
uene wyth our lord and hys swe
te moder thys ys a full good con
uenance/ Nold remembre yow wel
that the longer the plegge lyeth in
a place the more surer remyneth
Bypon It/ Bypon thys precyous
Jewell that lay more thane xxiiij
yeer in plegge and the longer that
he stode the more greet & generous
was hys paynes and sorowes as

he seyth he the prophete dauid
Super colore vulnerum meorum ad
dixit. Then encered alwey mos
re and more bypo the sorowes of
my woundes. ye trewly for in all
hys lyf suffred he the greetest po
uerie and the greeteste bylene and
payne that euer yette ony man my
ght suffre/ wherof hym self seyth
by dauid **P**auper ego sum et
in laboribus a iuuetute mea exal
tatus/ & humiliatus et conturbatus
Alwey syth my yongthe/ syth I
was/ a lytell chyld I haue be full
poore and yn grete trauaile and
in full greet and hard paynes exal
ted and humbled & full anguyshe
ly troubled/ **M**as/ what paye was
thys of the swete Ihu criste that
was in such pouerte on palme
sonday whane he had preched the
worde of hys fader before/ None &
fode all the aftyrnone fastynge
tyll euenyng and behelde full pe
tously abowde hym to se yf ony
wold haue paye of hys dyscypples
that were hungry/ but none ther
was/ yf depned to geve hym or them
mete nor wold logge hym in all
the cyte of Jerusalem. wherfor it be
houed hym to go that euenyng to
grette leges thens/ to the castell of
Bethanye at the house of martha
and mary magdalyn And as
the gospel telleth/ hys dyscypples
had at that tyme so grete hunger y

as they wente thurgh the feldes
 they wente in to the whete & gade
 red of y eris and rubbysd them in
 theyr handes and blewe alway the
 chaff and ete the greines. and yet
 were they full egerly repressed and
 blamed of the felon Jewes. and
 so grete haste at somtyme had hys
 pource disciples there that thei toke
 no kepe to washe theyr handes or
 they set them down to y worde and
 of him selfe it is wryten. ¶ *Ihesus*
fatigatus ex itinere sedebat super
fontem &c Ihu was one dai wery
of grete walkyng that he hade/and
sate doune for to rest him bi a wel
le spde. & cam a woman of sama
rye to fetch water at y wellle. and
the swete Ihesu that was so wery
for trauple prayd hyr to geue hym
drynk. And she wolde not but be
 gan to chide wyth hym / whereof he
 myght say by the prophete dauid
 ¶ *Defectio tenuit me pro pecca*
toribus delinquentibus lege tua
 Full grete default holdeth me say
 suete fader for synners / that refu
 se your commaundemete / this nyg
 hte y swete Ihesu cryst said to his
 fader / him self pleineth him of this
 default ¶ *Culpas foueas habent*
et volucres celi nidos. filius autē
hominis nō habet ubi capud suum
reclinat My dere swete fader mercy
 I am pouer in erthe for: fowes ha
 ue holes where they may lie bidden

of y wode haue nestes where they
 may reste And Ihesu crist the sone
 of mary hath not so moche of plas
 ce as he may leen hys hed to / alas
 what pouerte is this / a god merci
 Saynt gregory /

¶ *Magna abusio et nimis mag*
na quod Belis Vermiculus Bult
diues esse pro quo ita pauper fuit
deus sabaoth et dñs magestatis /
 Grete abusyon is it / and ouer
 te shorne that such vyle wormes
 in erthe as we shold despyse to be so
 ryche ythe he that was / the kynge
 of glorie & lord of all polver suf
 fered such pouerte her for vs /

Item bernardus / ¶ *Summus*
magister elegit paupertate esurie
fitire mori sicut ista sunt simplici
ter eligenda qui tibi aliud / dicit.
sit tibi quicquid est / in eis et pupillat
nus / Ihu cryst the grete kynge &
mayster chose pouerte and suffered
hunger & thurst wherby pet shew
eth well that thysse are thynges
specially to be chosen and who that
wyll say othe wyse holde them as
a myscreaunte / Se what vsurpe
of egre pouerte ran vpon thys ple
dge in the place where he was put
te for vs. Now haue we sayd for
what of hys pouerte / but what vis
lany suffered y swete Ihesu cryst in
this lyfe in the place where he laye
soo long for vs / For the gospel sa
yth that whan he prechid to the pe
 as i

ppll for the sauacyon of theyr follo
 lps & opened to them the ryght wa
 ye towarde heuyn & whanne he hade
 ended hys ryght swete sermon for
 all his seruise y felon Jewis ster
 te on hym and wolde haue stoned
 hym to deth & thene seyd he full pe
 tously alas sayre folkis wherfore
 wyll ye now sle me. ¶ Multa so
 na opa ostendi vobis a patre meo
 ppter quod opus me vultis lapi
 dare / Many good werkyngs haue I
 shewede yow for my fader for y wh
 pche ye wolde sle me / Ryght as he
 hade sayde to them / I haue geuen
 mete to yow poer folkes / I ha
 ue made yowr seke folkes hole I ha
 ue done all y ye haue desyred me
 I haue thought yow the scripture
 of my fader & now wolde ye sle me
 ¶ Non ex operibz bonis lapida
 mus te sed de blasphemia et nuc sci
 mus quia demoniu habes / They
 answered. for thy good werkyngs
 we wolde not sle the but for thy
 blaspheminge & that we knowe fu
 ll well thow haste a deuill wythi
 ne they body. ¶ Et Ihesus abscon
 dit se et exiuit de templo / And Ihs bi
 de hym & wente oute of y temple wha
 he salde y they wolde haue put hym
 to this shamsfull deth he made a so
 rowfull cōpleinte by y pphete dauid
 ¶ Ego su vermis et nō homo ob
 pbrui hoim & abiectio plebis. Right
 swete fader mercy what shall I do

I am holden so vyle in erthe for syn
 ners that these folkis take me not
 as a man but as I were a woorme
 / I am in reproche of men & of all
 caryffys I am in abyeccion / ¶ What
 meruaile was this yf he ma
 de suche compleynt to hys fader y
 sente hym hery / wher alwey he re
 ceuide euill for his gode dedis / and
 harme & hate for hys swete loue / &
 grette shame for hys honour as
 hym self seyd. ¶ Retribuebant
 michi mala pro bonis et odiu pro
 dilectione mē a / They yelde me ey
 le for welk & hate for loue / ¶ Alas
 what vyle was this that Ihsa
 cryst suffered amonge this malicio
 us folkes / that alwey in hys bles
 sid wordes were cruell & apen seys
 ers and in hys holi dedys they we
 re prynces aspyers and in hys angu
 yshous pynes / they were sorowfull
 & in hys prayres he hade poor con
 forters / & in hys gracious dedys
 ful felow thankers wherfore he pley
 neth hym in osee the prophete.
 ¶ Consolacio abscondita est ab o
 culis meis / Every conforte in th
 ys worlde is hyde before my sorow
 full eyen as y pphete dauid seyth.
 ¶ Neui michi quia icolat9 me9 p
 logat9 ē And i y gospel of marke
 O generacio incredula q̄ diu apud
 vos ero q̄ diu vos pacia9 / ¶ Alas I
 sorowfull for this y I am so moche
 ploged hery wyth these myscreant

folke wote I haue so longe aby-
den in pledge And of thys spekyth
saynt austyn to prologe folkes.

Ecce humilitatis exemplum
superbis superbie medicamentum
quid ergo intime sis homo. O pel-
lis morticina quo sedis insanies
fedida quid in flatis princeps tu
humilis e et tu superbus caput tuu
humile et tu membruz superbi dia-
boli et comes membroru suorum

We haue ensamples of mekenes
medecyn apenst pryde wote fore
wretched men dyscharge polb ther
of / O ye in oztall carepne wote
fore goo ye in suche bright o ye styn
kyng fylthe wote for be ye wollen
wpyth 20tyn pryde was not youz /
prince et hede humble et ye that be hys
subiect et membrys be pryde ma-
kieth polb feladwes to the fende and
hys membrys **I**tem Erubescere
homo esse suberbz qz factus est de-
us humilis **H**aue shame wret-
chyd man to be prologe yn asmoche
as god y made polb ys humble

Discite a me qz mitis sum et
humilis corde **L**erne ye of me y
am dehonair et humble of herte sayth
our lorde / Jhu cryste yn the grete
payne that he suffyd yn thys pla-
ce of olde mortalyte / **T**hys ys the
thyrd parte of vsurpe y 2an yppon
thys pledge was the swete body
of our lorde Jhu cryst wote of hym
self sayth he Jewm the apstle.

O vos omnis qui transitis per
viam attendite et videte si est dolor
sicut dolor meus **O** ye alle fol-
kes that passe be the waye of thys
synfull world beholde et se yf ony so
wold or payne be so grete or lyke vn-
to myn **T**rebley neuyn man borne
of moder led so sorowfulk lye nor y
suffyd so pynfull deth as / **T**he
swete. Jhu cryste ther as he lay yn
pledge for hys loue / **F**or tendrely
wepyng cam he yn to thys world
wote of he pleneth hym be y apstle.

Caligauerunt oculi mei a fle-
tu meo et alibi languerunt oculi
mei pre inopia.

My saye open be com all derke
so moche wepe / **I** for my loue that
wyl not loue me et all the cleynesse
of myn open be anysshe for payne et
dysse / **A**nd what mtruele for he
wente poorly et petously yn erthe
all barfote yn colde yn hete in harde
yn softe fro tolyn to tolyne from
coultre to coultre whych was full
of frost / and snow as seyth seynt
barnard

Exivit a patre deposito diades-
mate aspersit caput cinere nudo pede
eiulans et flens venit querens il-
luz qui perierat

He cam from hys fader et put
of hys crowne of the reynge cele-
tyall et strewid his hed with ashyes
all barfote spychyng / et wepyng et
full petously lamentyng cam he

to seeke his loue that same pore cap-
tyf y was perysht / Al god mercy
hollo he was in greet heynesse & ma-
ny spght and despye to hys ioye
fro whens he cam Trevely he was
not to blame for he cam from hys
gret honoure that ys to sey whane
he was wyth hys Angels & archa-
ngels whych were wyth for to ser-
ue hym to his pleasur & now was
the swete Ihu in prison in thys
bakke of mysery wher so many vn-
happy peple were to shame hym
& make hym to sey & to curre vn-
to hym wythoute pite as hym self
seyth.

Multiplicati
sunt sup capillos capitis mei qui
oderunt me gratis.

May enemyes be multiplyed mo-
re thanne the herps of myn hed y
hateth me dedly. Beholde now him
y was in so greet ioye & eses he y
was kyng of heuene y had nede of
nothyng y was in erthe depned to
com in so greet defalwe as for to
suffre so sorowfull peyns and so
gret labour as to be in colde in hun-
gry in thurst & in hardnesse & we-
rynesse yn heynesse & shortly to sey
alle y euels & peyns y we haue
deserued full vppon hys glorious
hed wherof sayth ysaye.

Tere langores nostros ipse tu-
lit & dolores nostros ipse portauit
et nos putauimus eum quasi lepro-
sum percussam a deo & humiliatus

Trevely Ihu the swete kyng of he-
uene suffred langour & bare the so-
rowful & peyns of our deserte vpon
hym self & for the greet anguis-
his & shames that he suffred folke
wende that he had ben a mesell Al
god hollo humble wate ye to suffre
them so cruelly & vengably to stry-
ke yow & for such angursh he ply-
ned hym to his father in y gospell

Nunc aia mea turbata est et
quid dicam pater saluifica me ex
hac hora sed propter hoc veni in ho-
raz hanc. **N**ow ys my sorowful
gretly troublede. Al what may I sey
fayr dere fader saue me nethelesse
her fore I cam in erthe to suffre so
hard peyns to aquyte my frendes
& of all thys made he no force yf he
myght haue donne the loue / our
sorowful for the whych he suffred so
gret sorowful & greuous pyne yn
y place wher he was put for our lo-
ue wherfor ye may well thinke for
trowthe that ye behoueth vs to suf-
fyr sum penance for hym & for our
sauacion / hollo seyt he hath no nede
of vs of our good dedys wherof
dauid sayth. **H**onori meo
non indiges dñe. **F**ayr lord
seyth he ye haue no nede of my
good dedys / but for all that good
wyll not saue a man yf he helpe
not thereto hym self as seynt Aus-
tyn seyth. **Q**ui fecit te si-
ne & non iustificabit te sine te.

that same that made yow wythou
te yow helpe he will not saue yow
wythoute yow helpe/and the glose
wypon seynt polde. ¶ Deus
pro omibz sanguine suu fudit illis
solis prodest sanguis xpi qui bo
luptates deseruut & se ipos affligut
God shed hys blood for alle but to
them only shall hys blood profyte
in redempcon/ y leue the delte of
ther flesch & chastyse their bodies in
penaunce/for yt shulde be no reson
that he shulde suffre all the payne/&
we shulde haue all y ioye here / & el
lys wher/ For trewly yf we suffir
not som penaunce. The father wyll
no more spare vs hys ylle chyl
dren/thane he dyd the swete Jhu
cryst hys good chylde wherof seynt
Bernard sayth ¶ Qui non pe
percit filio suo nunqua fimento
nunqua parcat seruo nequa m
Huld shuld he spare vs byle stynt
kynges folthys. y spareth not hys
swete sone Jhu cryst. huld shuld he
thane spare hys folde and euery fe
lons / Now I pray yow sith yow
folde ys the loue of Jhu cryste the
hygh kyng of heuene that yf ye
may no more do for his swete loue
yette at y leeste y ye haue often yn
remembraunce these thre maner of
anguyshys that he suffred/so lon
ge in the place wher he lay for your
aquestayle/ Whane ye beholde your
ryche clothys & other fayr Jewellis

your gret horses / & fayr harnays
thane kethynke yow of the poor
clothynge that your lord & loue ihs
In cryst & hys dyscyples hadde &
huld they wente abowte barfote yn
wyntyr & in somyr / & what dysse
they suffred / & also often whane
ye spyte at y tabyll so ryche ly arayd
& serued & goodly Jentylme abowte
yow so well araid & well seruinge
y serue yow so nobly wyth cup //
pys of gold & syluer Vessell wyth
so many & dyuerse / & good metys
wyth delycous salwes & pleyas
ut wyntyr / Thane remebry yow
wyth gret compascon huld poorly
the ryche kyng of heuene was ser
ued your spowse the swete Jhus
whane he was so wery for gret tra
uayle & hungyr y yf hehoued hym
to go owte of y cite of samerie in y
mene tyme that hys dyscyples we
te in to y cite to fetch bred & in the
mene whyls cam a woma to fet
che watyr at a well wherby he sat
te / & he preyde the woman to gyue
hym of hyr water to drynke / but
she wold not but rather repleyd
hym full exyly / & he spak agayn
so kempngly to that woman that
she was conuerted & than cam hys
discyples. And brought mete and
set them all down wythowte ta
byll and wythoute cloth / & pauen
tur toke one of ther poor mantel
ys & set thereon ther bred & sayde:

Pabi māduca & dyit eis. Ego ci:
 bū habeo māducare quē Vos nesci:
 & meg cib⁹ ē St faciā Volūtātē eig
 qui misit me St pficiā op⁹ ei⁹. This
 disciplis seide mastir etenolde he an
 swerd I haue mete to ete whesto spe
 knolde no thinge a good lord met
 cy pette for all þ gret desir he had to
 ete heabode til yt was nere hygh no
 ne þ he deinquishet dis desire & wo
 ld soner ete. O þ thys ys a gret en
 sample to vs wħā we haue ony
 tyme gret dysir to ony delicyous
 mete or drynke or ony othez fore
 temptacon we shuld fyg. nst
 our odone wpll. But what seyd
 he aftyr my mete ys that I muste
 do þ wpll of my fader þ ys. to suf:
 fy: hunge & thurst & gret angui:
 shys & greuous pyne: / gelyfynke
 yow also so do þ poor dy: cyp: & es:
 te þ crys of wof. & in þ feldis wħā
 they went: wpyth thyr swete mas:
 ty: Jhu cryst / & of hym self yt ys
 wretyn that he cam one day in the
 mornynge & hadde gret hunge: as
 he (hat had watched in) prayeer / &
 in trauayle & in sermonys / & salu a
 fygge tre full of krupt wy: folow:
 ony frute & wħā he cam nere yt he
 seyde to the fyggetre: ye shall neyge
 here frute wpyt: or to end: and for
 wpyth the fygtre becom all drye &:
 holde noll say: frende hold many
 disseis your swete spowse suffird
 for to rede me yow / wħerfor hyt ys
 good for yow to thynke well & of

then on all thys waish ye be in the
 dysportys of this worlde or whan
 ye see other confortd in soule bany
 wys / Remembre yow thene wyth
 preuy syghynge how pteously the
 swete Ihus the sone of god wepte
 whan he cam rydynge all barfote
 vpon A poore asse Andes Ihus ci
 uitate fleuit sup illa dicens qz cog
 nouissis & tu ciuitate id ecclesiāz
 As he cam & kined al thys y wa
 to come aswell to thee y were pre
 sent as to al vs y shuld come after
 & wepte pteously for compassiō of
 vs & seide yf ye kined asmoche as
 I knowe ie shuld wepe as tenderly
 as I do / right as he hade seide to the
 I wepe for thys that ye do in sōly &
 in bany / & y ye thynke not how
 strenght the waye ys that goth to
 ward heuene / wherof hym self seide
 ¶ Vera est via que ducit ad celū
 & pauci inueniūt illā et iterū . Nō
 ne oportuit xpm pati et ita intrare
 in gloriā suā Full streyght ys
 the wepe that ledyth to perdurable
 lyfe & felwe folkes fynde hpt / Ne
 see ye not well that Ihu cryst suf
 ferd full sharpe trauayle or euyr he
 entred in to yis glorie / & for thys
 wepte he that we so lpyghly forgette
 our self & take no let how wretche
 dly we be engendred nor how so
 wthfully we be borne nor how per
 lously we lyue in synne & in bany
 & nor how heuouly we shall deye
 nor knowe not whan nor how for

ne nor of what deth we shall deye
Circumdabunt & inimici tui Sal
lo & coangustabunt & undiqz.
¶ Your enymies & fendys shall be
abolded yow and enyrounde yow
wyth angursh & turment of alle
partyes a holl parlous ys the as/
tate & sorowfull for þe wyche god
hym self deyd so tenderly wherof
seyth seynt barnard: Compati
tur dei fili & plorat patitur homo
& fidet. The sone of god hath
compassiō for man & wepyth / &
man shall suffer all the pcell that
laugheth & maketh but a Jape / al
so whan men prepe yow in ony
thyng wherby ye fele beyngly
sprynge in your harte: & thynke ye
thene / and full ententys oo the
humyltyes of swete Ihus yur an
myable spowse & seyth. Non
Beni ministrati sed ministrare.
He cam not in erthe to be serued
but to serue / hys ys wryten holl sey
nte clemente ayed one tyme of saint
peter holl our lord Ihū delc amon
ge hys dyscyples in erthe / & seynt
peter began to wepe full tenderly
Mow saye mayster saye saynt cle
ment wherfore wepe ye so petou
fly / trewly saye saint peter I can not
sepe me fro wepyng whan I here
speke of hym / or verily thynke on
hym & of his gracious dedys / We
were on day grete greued wyth hu
ger & colde & at nyght was lodged

in an olde holse that was broken
on the ton parte therof wher the
colde entred grete wyche anoyed
ys for our swete mayster Ihesu
crist put hym self betwene the colde
& ys & I perceyued hym that same
nyght fye tymes wyth hys olde
clothes couer our fete / A good
lord mercy & so humbly serued he
ys as to washe our fete holl grete
a pte was this / In lyke wise then
he holl sorowful & hys he was
ayenst hys pynful passiō & was
so ryght angurshous / Thynke
holl he langoured ys dayes before
hys deth for in signification the
wof men synge & rede of hys pasciō
ys dayes before hys resurrexiō /
¶ For than was he in syghis
grete & heynesse & praiours / & so ful
of troubill that he had litell wil to
ete or drynke nor of no conforte &
pette for all thys he seyd to hys
discyples ¶ Desiderio desidera
ui hoc pasca manducare Bobiscuz
antquam paciar I haue grete
desyre to ete with yow a soper before
I shall suffer deth / And hys apos
tles apoynted thene wher they
shold ete thei soper & ete yte And
whan they hadde supped he took
of hys ouer garment and gird
hym wyth a toell and towele saye

batyr in a basyn & wessh e fethre
of hys dyscyples & pette the fete of
the felon Judas Iscariot seyth seynt
gregory ¶ *Quis tumor e cordis
no repellat si secu cofezat quod qui
sedet i throno sup cherubyn lauit pe
des sui proditoris* What shoul
lynge or rancour of harte ys so gret
that shuld not aswage yf he well
remembryd hym of hym y sytte so
hie aboue angellis in heuene that
wishe y fete of his olone traitour
Judas / & astyr he tooke brede in his
fayr handys & blessed yt & thanked
hys father of all y harme & pyne
y he had suffryd in erthe or shuld
suffry / & gaf hys to hys apostlys
wyth hys olone handys to ete / &
seid Ete yelthis for hit ys m fleshe
& than tooke he wyne & blessed hys &
gaf hem to drinke / & sayde Drynke
thys for thys ys my blood drynke
& ete noll wyth good wyll . For
newe fzo henfforth shall I drinke
wyth yow befor I haue suffryd y
moste marueplous & pynefull deth
that euer man suffryd in erthe. Al
las what sorowfull tydynge my
ght hys dyscyples here than. Al
holl they were sorowfull & dyscou
forted / Alas holl they wepte re
uolusly & no marueple though they
made wofull sorow for he was
all the helpe / & all the comfort &
noll haue they verily y they shuld
lese hym that same nyght / Alas
wofull sorow & lamentable pleynte

ther was Iohan y swete Ihu had
he soo longe in place for y loue of
hys loue & somany vsuries of gre
uous pyneys & anguyssous ran
nypon him & he wold not go owte
of y sayde place to the tyme he had
all accounted & payed / & Iohan they
cam for to reline he was led nypon
y hygh mount of caluaries where
he was condemned of the cruell
& felon Iewys & made hym to mo
unte all on hys on the harde crosse
right faste tyed wyth gret nayles
Now may ye knowe verily
or euer the Iewys wold
keue the plegge owte of the
kepyng they wold resyn euer fer
thyng & euer mayle wythoute ony
for getyng & in y same maner dyd
they of this plegge y blessed body of
Ihu cryste y was the present to
answere befor them of euer deman
de / Noll hartie holl styrghly he
refused y hys deere mother myght
full sorowfully resyn / Al blessed
maye full of pyte of wepyng of
thought & bittyr sorow she was ny
pon y mount of caluaries wyth
owte comfort & wythoute helpe he
spraynte wyth the precious blood
of hys right pious swete sone Ihu
as y blood than sprange owte of
hys pynefull woundys / ther as he
hange nypon y crosse / hys fayr han
dys streined full sore & wepte so so
wofullly that she myght in no wy
se hys pious crys refreine

ne/ So myght she pauentur sey **A**
I wretche wherfor leue I so longe
to se my dere swete chylde suffer so
gret & olotraggous paynes / **A**las
fayr sone your colour that was
more cleer than ony flour is becom
now all pale & blo for your paynes
that be so greuous / I se your hede
crowned wyth sharpe thornys euy
rrounde so greuousli / and setyn on
wyth grete staupes your Ien beholde
me so petously that fayleth yow be
very forse of payne whych perseth
thorough myn harte as / a sharpe
sword of harde styll your swete & de
lycious wordys / Now becom full
fayr & sowdowfull & the abtompna
ble spyttyngys of the felon proude
Jelous soule you full folde for the
loue of synfull folkes / the fayr co
lour of your lypys ys now becom
as blo as led that had be grete be
tye / **E**hy swete face I see all bloody
& thy terys rennyng doun from
your grete trouaile & paynes that be
so harde / **A**nd for ye seyd that ye
had thurst the cruell wretche
Jelous to do yow greter harme
gaue yow to dyspntie cysyll / **A**nd
gaule & pette more they euennym
med your tunge **A**las how I am
sowdowfull for yow **I**hesu my dere
chylde that I se thy pure hed suffer
so ryght greuous paynes that ne
upr dyd to no man harme nor ne
upr euell nor shamefull wordes co
from your moethe & yette see I mo

che more harme all doun your bo
dy / I see your fayr armys so rudely
drawen on lengthe & so streite strey
ned on trauas on y crosse that doun
myn harte full grete anoye / **A**nd
gret sowdow may I well take to se
yow suffer so grete turment that
your augurshous lypys all full
of synnesse for your deadly wound
ys that be so cruell / **A**nd depe
that / I se the strempys of blood
com fro your fayr handys doun
on your shuldrys & your spys ne
woly skorged that hath be so forte
tye & angurshously that the skyn
ys ouerall broken & your pure flesh
wounded the harde crosse hurteth
yow at your bakke in such wyse
yt vnnethe endure your very bo
nyes wherwith my sowdow ys so gre
ued that hyt may in no wyse be co
forted / **A**las your fair body so cour
teys so fre so lenyngne & now se I
hyt all bare vpon the harde crosse
streyned & wounded lyke as houndys
had gnawen hit / **A**nd broken yt
wyth theyr teth / I see your thyres co
loured as y maye ll st one & your
knees & leggis treble for your gre
uous paynes / **O** **I**hu your fayr fete
I se now wounde & peried wyth a gre
te nayle fastned to y tre of y crosse I
se also y stones & rubych ouer al red
wyth your blood / **A**las wherfor re
maye I not dye now & be partner of
your wofull paynes there we re no
thyng / so swete to me as to suffer
deth wyth yow my

were childer & spoyle Ihu but I may
 not haue my desyre fore þy wold my
 swete chylde wolde I dye a god w:
 hat shall we wretchys do whanne
 we shall yelde acomptis befor þy fa-
 ce of Ihu cryste þy put hym yn the
 place to yelde so. *scrypte* acoupt for.
 Be as ys befor refertyd. *Q* yn eue-
 le hour be they born that ys not yn
 the grace of that blessed Ihu thatso
 gret peyne & vplene sufferd yn so
 wret ched a place to deliuer our so
 wyls olothe of the bondys of þy fen-
 de. The same þy made thys trete too
 he hgt olothe of an aue torpeth that
 sepsapnt ancelme sepyth.

*Actende quod candel nudatur
 pectus Pubet cumentatum latus te
 sa arent bloria procera Pigenis bra-
 chia labia inigrescunt rosea regia
 pallent ora decora languent labia
 caput corona stimulat spinea pel-
 lis dorso flagellis est Pupta spes
 corporis facta est liuida crura pen-
 dent mermora rigat turbatos pe-
 des sanguis vnda gc:*

Q Moth were frende scholde well ho
 wo stremely was refynyd euey par-
 ty tothe wythynne & wythout of
 the solble & of þy body & wyth hold
 many dyse peynes enserched that
 no thyng was forgetyn but that
 hgt was yn all polden be tourmen-
 tys & pastous & ouyr grenous com-
 puccions for to aquyte our solwyls
 out of þy place of helle neygy frend

shewd such a specialte as the go:
 od / Ihu cryste hath woon for hys
 loue our solwyls wowschyppe & than-
 ked be he of alle creatures wythou-
 ten ende.

A Moth gret loue of the wo-
 rld ys felwene mothe / &
 chylde & a pyght faruete loue shuld
 thys be yf þy chylde had such a spf-
 nesse that hgt myght neuyr be helid
 but hgt were bayned in the mothyrs
 blood & yff the mother wolde ma-
 ke thys bayne thys shewd well a
 gret & specyall loue. *Q* thys bayne
 made the swete Ihu cryste the very
 parfpyght good loue whanne we
 were so spke of synne so vple & soo
 dyshouest þy no thyng in all thys
 worlde myght wasshe be helle be
 but alonly the precyus bloode
 of Ihu cryste & he so graciously þy so
 good herte made be thys bayne wy-
 th oute ony apenscyng as sepyth
 seynt John in the apocalyppe.

*Qui dilexit nos & lauit nos in
 sanguine suo a peccat nostris.*
 He loued be & wylsh be yn hgt pre-
 cyous blood from our synnes. Lo
 whanne a man ys seke of agret se-
 finesse & may not endure an oura
 hote bain at the begynning nor also
 he ys not heled be the fyrst bayne w:
 herfor hgt becometh that he be often
 bayned gallyde warmer & warmer
 & in þy same maner made Ihu cryste
 our kyngnes ofte in hys pcyus blood

the fyrste that he made was Iohanne
ne he was but viij dayes olde .

Postq̃ consummati sūt dies oc
to vt circūcideretur puer vocatū ē
nomē ei⁹ Ihesus / Iohāne viij daies
where ended that they shulde circum
cise our lord & y swete chylde was
called Ihu by his name / But by y
blode that he lefte thanne of his ten
der bodi in the circumcision ne we
re we not yette enterli heled for we
hadde the meselz of synne whereof
we were so ful of synne & inposu
mpe that our solde was all full
of heuylous matyr & venymous / Bi
fore the face of the holi trynitye / And
nd y swete Ihu toke therof so gre
te pite y he wente all alone by him
selfe the nyghte byfore hys passion
& fyll gretelinge to the erthe byfor
his father of heuen / and praied him
full petrouly for the helthe of his lo
ue our solde that was so fike of si
ne cupn at y deth of helle that is so
horrible / and seynt barnarde seyth .

Quasi nūq̃ membris oib⁹ fle
uisse videtur / He wepte not alonli
bypon hys father with his blessed
eyen but wyth all the membris of
hys body / for so full of compassion
was his pituous harte & so full of
bytter angurshys & harde labours
was hys tender body thanne that
the swete of hys red blode dropped
from hym as sayth the gospel :

Positis genib⁹ & Et factus
inagonia prolixius orabat & fact⁹
est sudor eius sicut gutta sanguis
decurrentis in terra / He put hys
wey kyneys bypon the harte erthe
& so longe prayed hys father tyll he
was almoste in soue & in so grete
payne that the swete sprange owt
of hys body as droppes of blode y
ran to the erthe to bayne hys loue
our solde to helte hys & make hys fa
yr & clene wythoute & ampyable to
keholde whereof seyth seynt barnarde

Uere compaciendū est ei qui de
dit nobis sudorem sanguis in me
dicinam / Truely we ought to ha
ue grete compassion & pite of our
swete lord Ihesu our loue that gaf
vs y swete of hys precyous blode
for to bayne our soldis / But yette
were we not all holk for our soldis
were enfundyd in y mortall dro
psey whereof we myght neuer haue
helth but it were recoured by baynes
Nolb thys dropsey is such a syke
nesse that makyt a man orrblylly sw
ollen for the solde humours / that
renne keltwene the skyn . and the
fleshe in such mannere were our
wretched soldis / orrblylly swollen
and so heuylous that god wolde
not that none of them sholde entre
in to heuene . byfor hym they were
sofolde englutede and enuynme
de wyth the fylthe of synne .

And what dyde our swete lorde & loue Ihesu cryst y was the moste wise fificie he made a right preciog & sprepall bayne for vs/hold he suf frid wilfulli that thise cruell felon Jeldis toke hym & stryped hym as naked as he was borne/and bonde hym to a pylere of colde merbyll wyth harde cordes.& thene y felon turmetours full quyk & redy to do euyll wyth y scorges bete hym cru elly wythoute mercy & turmet him so outrageously y hys tendyr shyn all to brake.& y precious blode ran wolone his bodi & leggis bi streamis on to his feete in such wise was he there turmented that many pe: res after men myghyt see the peler all bloody wozof he sayth by the prophete Isape. Corpus meu dedi peucientibus et genas meas Belle tibis faciem mea no auerti ab in: crepantibz et conspuentibz i me

I Gaf my tender body to tur: mentis & strokes & my face I turned not fro those folkis that spyte on me & shamefully bla med me / In such maner & such traueple made he thys bayne to sa ue hys loue our soule from alle swellynge of the spynesse of thys spirituell droppe / And yet was our sololes styll encombred wyth payne of the hede that is a full fore sikenesse. Qui capud ifirmum cetera membra dolent / & who y

is seke in hys hede all other partys es of hys body compleyne / And therefore y good Ihesu salde the hede of his loue so seke that he was all agnished & enraged wozabi he cold de not kinde god nor serue hym he had soo grete pyte & compassion therof that hymself suffryd wyl fully that thys mortall enemyes wounde to gedet a grete crowne of thornys longe & sharpe & thys: he y prishid so wofulli his blssid hede & bete wyth a gret staf vpon y crowne y made his pcious blod to re doune i many places on hysfor hed as it is sayth in y gospell.

Plectentes coronam de spinis posuerunt sup caput eig & acceperunt arundine et percusserunt / In such maner suffryd the swete & amiable Jhu hys tendyr hede to blede for to saue the hede of hys syke loue our solole for whom he suffryd in hys holi hede as saintis sain/ A M. wo udes & thus siath he i Job. **C**o scidit me Vuln9 sup Vulnus The harde crowne kittith me wounde vpon wounde & saint bernarde seith Quā suauissimū ē seruitut michi bone Ihesu corona illa capitis tui

A swete Ihesu this crowne of your hede is to me full dere Now saye fernde remēber yowd wozene ye will slepe and your hede is layd so eseli vpon softt pels wozs/hold prynfull was the crow

ne of thorne Bopn the hed of the
 blessed Ihu pour sp olose that shedde
 so grette pience of blood to hlye your
 solle/ Now pette was there a no
 ther spynesse wherof our wretched
 solle languysht whych was stry
 ken wpyth the dedely letarge / these
 letarges. ten opellacois in the bey
 nes and in the senelops entelased
 pryncly that maketh a man slum
 boryng & alwey redy to slepe tpyl he
 be dede/ And in y same maner we
 re our sollops sore stryken wpyth y
 spual letarge wherby she nother
 myght nor colde helpe hyr self but
 abyde styll alwey in mortall ne
 clygence vnto y tyme y hys shold
 dyscende in helle/ But hold dys
 then our swete lorde / & loue Ihu
 cryst/ wote for treldthe that he wyl
 fully suffryd to be let blood on bey
 nys & senelops & of all partys / of
 hym for to baine the wretched solle
 le of man / And hold was he let
 blood he suffryd that thys solle &
 bylkyne Jeldys tooke hym wpyth
 full gret dyspayne & bynge hym all
 naked vpon the crosse / and persed
 thurgh hys fap hand ys / and fete
 wpyth full grette & myghty nayles /
 wherof hym self seyth by dauid.

Cloderunt manus meas et pe
 des meos dinumerauerunt omnia
 ossa mea. **C** They haue thpyled
 my handys / & my fete and nom /
 byrd alle my bones / Alas / what

forow they dysd hym so gret that y
 streamis of blood ran from al pyces
 of hys blessed body wpyth so grette
 spede that hys loue myght be bay /
 net ther wpyth sothe wpytholde and
 wpythynne / But than myghte our
 lord Ihesu cryst sey to hys loue our
 solle my deere loue now be ye ferre
 in dete by reason ouyr alle thynnyes
 to loue me. Alas pette loue ye me
 nod & I haue so often shed my lode
 to bayne & purge yow from all syk
 ness / from all fylthys / & pette for
 all thys wpyll ye not loue me pette
 fap loue now shall I make yow
 a giste of amoure special loue wher
 by ye shold in no maner denye me
 your loue. I shall gyue yow the
 holy blood of my harte to bayne yo
 ur harte in so that ye may alwey lo
 ue me / Then cam a stronge blynde
 knyght wpyth a longe sharpe spere
 & strake hym so iustly th uth the
 lyde that he persed hys amarus har
 te & forth wpyth re n onte grette pience
 of blood & watyr & ran full faste
 down vpon hys body / wherof he
 seyth in the booke of loue.

Vulnerasti cor meum sicut me
 a sponsa vulnerasti cor meum.

Now haue ye woundyd my har
 te fap sustyr and spolose. now ha
 ue ye woundyd my harte. what can
 ye aye me ony more of loue / Now
 I prey yow for my sake that ye
 will leue your synne so that ye may

loue me the more sweetly/ Wherof
 sayth saynt bernard. **N**one pro
 te vulneratus sum/ none pro te sa
 tis afflictus/um/ desine amodo pec
 care. quia peccata magis grauant
 me. etiam vulnera peccati/ quam
 vulnus lateris mei. Now say me
 my loue that I loue so much/ thin
 ke ye not that I am wounded and
 tormented ynough for you/ wher
 by ye ought to loue me/ Now leue
 your synnes thenne froens forth/
 For the wounde of your synne gre
 ueth me more than othe the wou
 nde of my side. And my deere frende put
 the be betwixt in deuour to loue ih
 su cryst our sweete loue & spouse
 that suffred so grete payne to was
 he be in his precious blood from
 all morall synnes/ wherof our sou
 les languysshid. And elles he be
 to feire vnnaturell/

Now see we the thyrde loue
 that is betwene the soule &
 the body/ There is a ful grete loue
 betwene the soule & the body. And
 that appereth well/ for they be in
 grete torment & payne whan they
 shall departe/ For the greter loue
 that is betwene frendes/ the greter
 paine is at theyre departyng/ And
 therre was neuer body that soo mo
 che loupd soule/ nor soule body/ as
 othe the body of ihesu cryst his sou
 le/ and his soule his body. wherof
 was noo merueille/ For there ne

ner was nor neuer shal be such a
 body and soule Ioynd toggyder/
 And yet for al that he suffred wel
 that his soule departed from his bo
 dy/ for to adioyne our pour soules
 to his wythout ende in his celesty
 all crygne/ And by what deth de
 parted his glorious soule fro hys
 blessed body. It was by the moost
 cruell deth shamfull/ and dysshones
 te that they colde dryse amonge
 them to Iuge hym to/ And what
 sorrowful pyte was of this deth of
 ihesu cryst/ It was soo cruel/ that
 many a day and often he playned
 hym to his disciples before his de
 the/ And sayth in the gospell.

Ecce ascendimus Iherosolimā
 & c/ Now my deere brethren we shal
 goo in to Iherusalem. And the so
 ne of man shal be deliuered by tre
 ason to the bysshops and maysters
 of the lawe/ And they shal con
 demne hym to deye right cruelly.
 And how cruelly he shal be deliue
 red to Iewes to mocke/ to kete and
 crucifye. and the thyrde daye shall
 aryse from deth to lyf. And what
 merueille was this. yf he playnid
 hym of this deth/ For his fleshe
 was alway as in languour & pai
 ne apensit his deth/ as he sayth by
 dauid/ **E**stimabam me quasi
 mortuuū super terram. I take my
 self as a man de vpon the erthe/
 And this was well prouid for it

is not founde that euer he lough o
nes in all his lyf/ but often tymes
wepte he full pytously/ As Iohn
he salde the sepulture of Lazare
that was dede and leryed. Whych
was / a lytyll before his passyon.
And he behelde full pytously vpon
the body of Lazare. ¶ Exemuit
inquit spu/ et turbauit seipsum/ et
lacrimatus est Ihesus/ He trem
bled in his spiryte. and twobled
hymselfe. and began to wepe/
Men sape that he is as a dede man
that will not answere. Iohan men
eyther doo or sape hym ony harme
In such manere was it of Ihesu
cryst. as hymself sayth by Dauid
the prophete. ¶ Ego autem tan
quam surdus non audiebam/ et si
cut mutus non aperiens os suum
¶ For trouth Iohan men myssay
me. I goo forth as a deaf man that
heryth not/ and as a dumb man/
that openyth not his mouth
¶ Of this cruell dethe had he soo
grette fere & twobble/ that the nygh
te before he suffered his passon/ he to
ke saint peter. saint James. and sa
ynt Iohan wyth hym/ And prue
ly before them there he began so gre
te lamentacyon that it was merue
lle. and lokyd soo pytously/ And
playned hym soo sorowfully: say
eng ¶ Gustis est anima mea vs
q3 ad mortem/ sustinete hic/ & Vigi
late mecum. Saye dere bretherne

sayd he my soule is heuy towarde þ
dethe/ abyde here wyth me. and wa
ke wyth me/ For I am in full gre
te twobble & fere/ And thenne he
wythdredde him fro them as fere
as one myght caste a stone / and
felle dowlone to the erthe. and play
nyd hym full pitously to his fader
in heuen/ and said. ¶ Abba pater
cur onmia possibilia sūt/ trāsfer ca
licem hunc a me/ Saye lorde god
my right dere fader/ to whom alle
thyng is possible I pray you that
ye wyll remeue this harde deth fro
me/ Neuertheles/ not as I wyll/
But as ye will your will be
done / I am redy to obey it/ and
to take this deth for the sauacyon
of manys soule. ¶ Spiritus qui
dem promptus est/ caro autem in
firma/ Truly my spirite is redy to
suffre this cruell deth/ but my fles
he is full twobbles & ferefull/
¶ Fiat Volūtas tua/ Your wyll
be don saye swete fader. And on
þ mowde was he Iuged to the mo
ost harde dethe that ony man colde
Iuge. this was to be crucified.
And thenne pylate sayd to the se
lon Jewes. Quid faciā de illo qui
dicitur xps / illi dixerūt crucifige
eū/ Pilate said to the Jewes what
wyll ye that I doo of him that me
calle cryst/ & they said crucifye him
Alas what sorowde was this holl
they yeldd hym shrewdly his fere
C 7

upse for all the doctes and countes
that he had done to theym. they to/
he hym & crucified hym to petous/
ly. And yet for all his payn he cry
ed to his fader mercy. And sayd

Pater ignosce illis/ quia nesci
ut quid faciunt. A swete fader pe
dise theym of all this harme they
do to me for they knowe not/ what
they doo/ A god mercy what mer
ueyllous mekenes and swete pite
was this in hym/ He sayd not fa
re fader venge me on thysse felon
folkes that slee me wythout desert
and crye soo highly Crucifie him
crucifie hym. But he sayd pardon
theym my deth sayre swete fader/

Nec mutacio dextere excelci
This was a wonderful chaunge
that allwaye apenst harme. he dyde
good/ Swete Ihesu yet ouer thysse
mortall paynes that he suffyd in
his woofull body. he had in his co
passionable soule thremaner of an
guysles of full egre and bytter so
wle/ that made hym to fyght mer
ueyllously wyth grete tribulacion

Thysse thre anguysles henge in
his holi soule/ as thre sharpe speeres
that smote him allwaye to the herte
The fyrste anguysle was for the
sowle that his blessid moder and
the other thre maryes made that
were soo wete wyth theyr sowle
full tere. The seconde anguysle
was for his disciples refused him

and blyued not in hym. nor helde
hym not for god. For this that he
wold not helpe hymselfe to escape
And fledde all from hym/ and left
hym al straunge/ Wherof he sayth
by the prophete dauid/

Qui vidbant me foras fugie
runt a me. obliuioni datus su tan
quam mortuus a corde/

My discyples that salde me taken
they fledde fro me and I was putt
in forgetyng amonge hem as yf I
were dede/ The thyrde anguysle
was the grete sorowle that he had
for thysse felon tyauntes that put
hym to deth: to see howe he losse
his longe traueylle for the sauacy
on of theyr soules. and howe he had
bitterly losse theym/ And he sayth

Non Veni Vocare iustos sed
peccatores ad penitenciam. I cam
not in erthe to calle the rightfull
but the synners to penaunce/

And he salde well that they had
the hertes soo harde/ that they wold
de neuer doo penaunce. And amon
ge all thoos synners at that tyme
he wan but the theef that was ha
ged on the right syde of hym/ why
che cryed hym mercy/ And more
sowle and more compascyon had
he of the losse of Judas his tray
tour and of the other felons/ than
of his owne proper deth/ As he sa
yth by dauid.

Zelus domus tue comedit me

et alibi Takesce me fecit zelus
meus quia oblitisunt Verba tua i
nimici mei. Faye swete fader the
grette desire that I haue to the sa
uacpon of your peple werith me so
re wyth sorowde and anguysshe /

And after he sayth my right grette
Jealousie makyth me all weep in
my spiryte for this that myne en
myces haue forgotten your comma
ndementes And at the last whā

he felte his cruel deth approche his
pour soule had full grette twobble /
Thenne sighe he wyth cheueryng
thenne cryed he wyth pytous pla
yntes. thenne wepte his languys
shynge epen/as sayth saynt polde.

Cum clamore valido. et lacri
mis offerens exauditus est pro su
a reuerencia/With grette crye and
teeres he suffred his soule departe
with harde deth/ for the loue of his
dere belouyd/ mannes soule /

But what was his crye / the
moost sorowful that euer was her
de

Clamauit voce magna
Eloy/ Eloy/ lamazabatani/ hoc est
deus meus/ deus meus Et quid de
reliquisti me.

Whete fader my god/ my
god why haue ye forsaken
me/ & let me suffre so cruel
deth. for the folke that gyue me no
thankes for all the harmes that I
haue/ & shall suffre for there loue/

Alas what grette woo may be

to all the worlde/ whan Ihesu shol
de depe weppng soo pytously. & so
sorowfully playnyng/ for such as
toke nomore heed of his harde pas
sion that he suffred for theym/ noo
more than yf he neuer had become
man/ A nother reason was. the
re as he playned hym & wepte full
pytously/ for that soo felde folke
sholde be soo dere bought/ wherof sa
ynt gregorye sayth /

Si respicio faciem cristi in cruce
pendentis. primis michi occurrit
quod fleuit orans. Sz quare fleuit
ti bone Ihu/ quare fleuisti cum po
tius esset gaudendu maxime tunc
cum operabaris salutem in medio
terre/ affligens peccata nostra cru
ce dampnans diabolu. Saluans mi
seros/ fleuit igitur qz cu passio sua
sufficeret redemptioni oim profu
it redemptioni paucorum /

Whan I beholde the face of Ihe
su cryst hangynge vpon the crosse
fyrst it riseth in my mynde/ that
he in praye & wept. But whi wept
ye swete Ihesu/ why wept ye/ wher
rather it sholde be Joyed specially
whan he brought helth in the myd
des of the erth. & fpyed our synnes
on the crosse/ dampnyng the deuyll/
& sauyng weretches. But for this
wept he. that his passion was suf
ficient ynough to the redempcion
of all folkes/ & shold prouffye al
nely to the redempcion of soo felde/

For full felwe ben in all the worl
de of Religpous or secular / or any
other maner of folkies of holy chyr
che or other that a right loupth the
kyngde of glory the swete Ihesu cri
ste. as they ought. Wherof sayth sa
ynt poull. **O**mnes que sua sunt
querunt non que Ihesu cristi /

All folkies seke etentpfly the pr
uiffye of theyr bodyes. and not the
loue that they owe to Ihesu cryste /
And our lorde hymself sayth /

Putas ne filius hominis in
ueniet fidem super terram / Wene
ye that that Ihesu the sone of ma
ry founde sayth or charpeth in erthe
for sothe full searse. p / Now der
frende remembre ye howd yourselfe
hath loupd ful rourly our gode lor
de and loue Ihesu cryste / And howd
our neighbours of this worlde be
nowd corrupted with many maner
of synes And howd the deith of our
swete lorde / e spouse y sone of god
was harde e cruell. Theie oughte
we well to wepe togider wyth Ihesu
cryste / and crye hym mercy wher
of saynt Bernarde saith / **Q**ua
sunt preciosa vnguenta / scilicet fle
re pro peccatis propriis / pro pecca
tis proximi / pro compassione passi
onis cristi / Thee precypous opne
mentes ben / thone is precypous. the
other more precypous. the thyrde nht
precypous. The precypous is to we
pe for our synnes / The more precy

ous is to wepe for the synnes of
our neighbours. The right precypo
us is to wepe for the compascon
of the cruell deith of Ihesu cryste / Wher
of sayth saynt Bernarde /

O bone Ihesu si tam dulce est gau
dere de te / **A** Ihesu ys it be soo swete
to wepe wyth you / howd it shal be
swete to be Joyous wyth you / and
after he sayth / **O** bone Ihesu cito
lacrimas inuenit e soluitur in ge
mitum qui tui sensum habet dolo
ris. O good Ihesu full soone myghte
he he fynde teeres e grete mater of
sighynge that had ony felinge
e vnderstonpynge of your sorowes
e paynes / And after of the petro
us playntes that ye made. And
whan ye cryed wyth hygh voyce to
your fader / **E**n manus tuas to
mine commendo spiritum meum

In to thy hondes fadyr swete fader
I pelye my spiryte / for the loue of
my dere loue mannes soule to deli
uer from helle / **E**t inclinatio ca
pit emitit spiritum / And enclyned
his blissid hede. e pelyed his glorpo
us spyrte / **A** fadyr frende thynke
on hym that was soo lonyngne to
thysse harde tormētys / Wherof saynt
Bernarde sayth.

O bone Ihesu benigne cū homi
nibus conuersatus es. quam mag
na hominibus largitus es / quam
dura pro hominibus passus es
quā dura verba. duriora verbera

durissima crucis tormēta passus
es/ O good Ihesu hold tēpēgne
thou werte conuersaunt wyth men
hold grete thynges thou hast gy-
uen man/ hold harde paynes thou
hast suffryd for mā/ as harde wor-
des/ harde letynges/ and right cru-
el and mortall tormentes/ that ble-
ssid be thou moost mercyfull Ihe-
su/ For neuer man suffred so har-
de deth as he suffred for our soules
to make vs parteners of all y ioy-
es of heuen. And he suffred not
oonly this cruell and harde deth/
But also the moost folle & sham/
full deth that they myght put him
to/ And all this suffred he for the
loue of mannes soule/ For what
shame was this/ that Judas this
traytour marchaunt sold him to y
felon Jelles to slee/ as men doo an
oxe or a colbe/ And yet for a wret-
chid pryce/ for thyrty pēns: For Ju-
das scarpot sayd to the Jelles
Quid vultis michi dare et ego
eum vobis tradam/ at illi constitu-
erūt ei triginta argenteos. What
wylle ye gyue me and I shall deli-
uer you hym/ And establisshyd to
gyue for hym thyrty pēns of syluer
And he brought the Jelles the sa-
me nyght to the place wher oure
lorde Ihesu cryst was. And whan
he came he sayd Hūe rabi/ Heyle
mayster. and kyst hym/ And oure
lorde sayd to hym full pytously/

Amice ad quid venisti. Fern
de wherfore come ye/

Thē he came after the Jelles/ and
toke our lorde full rudely/ And ful-
fore bounde him/ as yf he had be an
arrant theef/ And ledde hym in y
cpte before his mortall enemyes:
Wherof hymselfe playned hym to
thēym that ledde hym/ and sayd

Tanquax ad latronem existis
cum gladiis & fustibz comprehen-
dit me/ cotidie apud vos eram do-
cens in templo/ et non me detrahi-
tis:

Why doo ye me so grete bi-
lanye / that ye come wyth
wordes and wepens for to
take me as I werte a thef/ and ene-
ry daye I haue be byfore you in the
temple/ and ye took me not/ wher-
fore doo ye this to me now/

But for all that they lefte him
not/ but drōwe hym forth before cap-
phas/ wher the cruel Jelles accu-
sed hym of felonye and treyson/
And he was brought forth thus
as a lambe. wherof he sayd/

Ego quasi agnus mansuetus
qui portat' ad victimaz/ I suffer
all togider the vilaynous wordes
& reproches as a meke lambe with-
out resistēce that men bereth to slee
But Capphas theyr mayster took
so grete dyscōpne for this that Ihu
wold not answer/ y he said to him
in scorn. Where ben your dyscyples

What folke ben they, folke haue ye
 taughte them/ And Ihesu answe
 red/ I am accustomed to speke open
 ly and allwaye to the folke in the
 synagoge and the temple/ there as
 the Jewes came/ and in secreta pla
 ces as here is I shall speke lityll/
 And what aske ye me/ aske them
 that haue herde what I haue sayd/
 And Snyeth had he ended his wo
 rdes/ but there starte forth a felon ri
 balde/ that stroke hym ful cruelly
 in his face/ bysage wyth his hard
 honde/ And sayd full egrely before
 all folkes/ ¶ Sic respondet pon
 tifici. Sholde thou thus answer
 to the bysshoppe. ¶ And hold the swete
 Ihesu answerde to this felon wort
 ch/ ¶ Si male locutus sum. testi
 monium perhibe de malo/ si autem be
 ne. cur me credis/ ¶ Yf I speke euill/
 here wytnesse of euill/ and yf it be
 well/ wherefore Smytes thou me

He sayd not thou cursid trayto
 ur/ ye haue stricken me with wyro
 ge/ ye shall be confounded in helles/

Whereby ye maye see his benignite

¶ But for all this the cruell ty
 rantes buffet him/ & couerde his ble
 ssyd eyn/ and bete wyth theyr cur
 syd fystes all aboute his blessyd he
 de. and smote his face bysage ful
 byplaynously/ whereof saynt Bernard
 sayth. ¶ Libertas captiuorum

traditur/ gloria angelorum illudi
 tur/ splendor lucis eterne et specu
 lum sine macula conspernitur/ de
 us omnium flagellatur/ Vita ho
 minu occiditur/ quid nobis restat
 ad agendum/ eamus et moriamur
 cum illo. O bone Ihesu trahe me
 me post te/ non in odorem suauita
 tis sed in odorem tue passionis.
 ¶ And Ihesu cryst that was the de
 liuerer of prysoners/ he was deliue
 red to prysyn for vs/ The glorie of
 angels was mocked for vs/ The
 shynner of eternall lighte and myr
 rour wythout ony spotte is dyspre
 sed/ God almyghty is scourged/
 The lye of man is slayne/ & what
 is now for vs to doo/ God we ge
 deye wyth hym/ A good Ihesu dra
 ewe me after the not in to the odou
 re of swetnes/ but in to the odoure
 of thy harde passion.

¶ And when they had all the ny
 ght tormented him/ and doon hym
 all the harme and shame they cou
 de. On the morne they assembled
 theym all togyder. and Iuged hym
 to the most shamfull deth that they
 coude thynke/ wherby was to be
 hanged vpon the crosse/ vpon an
 hygh mountayne betwene two tre
 es/ whereof this Verse is sayd.

Dismas et gismas medio diuina potestas / Et cum iniquis deputatus est /

Dysmas the tene theef hynged on that one parte / and Gysmas y other theef on the other parte / and set bene them henge the diuine mageste / this was our lord Ihesu crist / And whan he was Iuged / the cruel tourmentours and hangme trussed the hey wood of the crosse vpon his backe / as sayth saynt Iohan the euangeliste / **E**xequerunt eum et cetera / They ledde Ihesu oute of the cite / and hymself beringe his harde crosse / soo ferynt & weery / that vnneth myghte he bere it / whereof he sayth by dauid. **I**n defecit in dolore Vita mea / My lyff and my force fayleth me in sorow and payne / And whan they salde he myght not goo so speedly as they wold. they toke woth force a stronge man that passed by the waye / whiche was namyd symon / And made hym a peny his wyll to bere the crosse. the sooner to haast the de the of our lord Ihesu crist /

And whan they took fro hym the crosse to delouer to symon. they smote our lord ful cruelly / Theue came there wymmen of galilee following our lord / and wepte full piteously / And made full greet sorrow to see hym suffer soo moche shame and payne withoute deserte

And whan he salde thys wyse men wepe soo sore: he had full greet pite / And sayd to theym /

Elie Iherusalem nolite flere super me / & c /

Doughters of Iherusalem wepe ye not for me / but for your selfe / and your chyldren / For the dayes shall come whan ye shall sape blessed. be the baryne woman / and the wombes that neuer bare chyld. and the brestes y neuer gaaf souke / For thenne shall ye be crye to sape / mountaynes fall on vs / and the erthe couere vs /

The cruell Iewes ledde hym forth. and hynged hym on the crosse naked before all the peple in the same folde place / where the styngyng careyns were of the bodies of them s that they had put to de th in that same place afore /

Alas whan he was crucified thus sorrowfully / the curyd traytors escheped hym soo shamfully / & sayd / **M**ouetes capita sua direrunt Bath qui destruit templum dei / et in tribus diebus illud reedificat / salua tripsum. si filius dei es descende de cruce:

They brandysshyd their hees / and sayd in scorn / see him here that same that wyll destroye the temple of god / & make it a peny wythin in dayes / Now saue thyself yf thou be the sone of god / Come downe

of the crosse where thou art han-
ged Thus cryed the felon Ielwes
See that same that anaucted hym
hymselfe to saue other folkes/and
hymselfe he maye not saue/

See howe thys unhappye Ielwes
tempted hym/thise same folke that
dye hym the sondaye before so gre-
te honour that they layed theyr clo-
thes in the waye where he passed,
and caste floures and braunches
before hym and songe ¶ O san-
na filio dauid benedictus qui ve-
nit in nomine domini

Glorie and honour be done
to Ihesu the sone of god/ &
of the lignage of dauid/

And blessid be he that cometh in
name of our lord the kyng of Ihe-
rusalem/ Wherof saynt Bernar-
de sayeth of this shame/

¶ Ad eodem populo/ in eodem lo-
co et in ipso tempore paucissimis
interpositis diebus/ primo cum ta-
to triumpho susceptus/ postea cru-
cifixus est/ Of the same peple

and in the same place/ and also wote
the same tyme. Where he was fyrst
receyued wpth grete honour/ Af-
ter was he hanged on the crosse as
a theef. See howe grete dyfference
was this. thenne to receyue hym
as kyng of Iherusalem/ and forth
wpth to saue. We haue noo kyng
but cezar. And howe the difference
was betwene y region & the crosse
betwene the floures and the crowe

ne of thornes. before him were clo-
thes of silke & riche panes sprad/ &
nowe was he dyspoyllid all naked/
¶ Alas what shame ihu suffrid of
the same folke that dyde him so gre-
te honour a litill before/ & anone af-
ter somany reproches. soo vilayno-
usly hangyng on the crosse betwe-
ne two theues/ for the loue of his
dere loue manies soule was he thys
shamfully slayn/ that men myght
holde hym for maister of the theuis
¶ And hyng there soo folde arayed
as yf he were a mesell/ as he sayth
by ysaye the prophete ¶ Non est
ei species neq; decor/ et vidim9 eu
& no erat aspectus/ et desiderauim9
despectu & nouissimu viroru viruz
coloru & scientie infirmitate. et qua-
si absconditus vultus ei9 & dispex-
it9/ Vnde & nec reputauim9 eu/
¶ Nothe betwene nor knowe was in
hym at that houre / And we salwe
hym/ and despyde hym dyspysed/
¶ And the laste and moost vyle of
all men/ And his face dyfformyd
wpth blood and folde spyttyng/ so
that we had hym in derision/
¶ ¶ A folwe of folwes that the
Emperour of heuen and of all the
worlde suffryd. Soo cruelly was
he wounde for our wretched soules
of which we holde soo litell pryce
For this adonestith saynt Bernar-
d to take kepe of the vilaynies
and folwes that Ihesu cryst suf-
fryd for vs. And sayth.

Quo no considera filium Virgi-
nis illudum / spictis linidum / pla-
gis confixum clavis / A man
kelle the sone of the Virgyn ma-
rye fopled wpth folde spittynge.
all bloody of his woundes / and pre-
cyd wpth naples / Take hede of the
kyng of angels kyng on the crof-
se / pale to the deth / folde in flesch /
passe bi this / And take hepe woha-
ye see the fygure how he is a man
mekely folowge . a man smyten
wpth shamfull deth. A man lyke
vnto a mesell. A man of al sorow-
es apperpyge on his body and all
worapt in sorow / And yet wohan
he was past all the anguysch payn
and shame that he myght suffer in
his lyf for the loue of his loue ma-
nes soule they dyde hym after hys
deth the grettest shame they colde
thynke. For they wold not lye hi
amonge other Jewes / but wpthou-
te the tolone / as a man that were
acursed / And his blessid soule de-
cended in to helle / for to destroye the
mortall enmyes of his loue ma-
nes soule / And to fetch theym ou-
te that longe had abyden hym there
¶ Now for goddis sake let vs
remember well how moche we are
bounden to loue that swete Ihesu
crist / that so many manere of sha-
mes suffred to put vs in honoure
And that he suffred soo shamfull
deth to conferme our folowes in the

freedom of perdurable lyf / For of
al the prynces that ben in this worl-
de shame is the grettest. For we
maye fynde many of crysten folke
that wpll suffer hardnes of lyffe /
as fastyng / lyng harde / colde hun-
gre / thirst / and diseases for the lo-
ue of god / But to be holden vyle &
dyspysid for the loue of god vnyeth
shall ye fynde ony / For the wret-
chid hert desireth alway to be honou-
red and praysid / And by this we
may well knowe that he louyd vs
and louyth vs enterly / that so ma-
ny shames & dyspytes suffred for
loue of vs .

The same that is the very perfe-
ct honoure / and of hym cometh all
honours that blessid he is of al cre-
atures that be soo moche hath lo-
uyd . and louyth . that gracious lor-
de / the moost true and hertely loue

Now haue we spokē grette par-
te of his harde deth / and of the sha-
me that men dyde hym / wherby ye
maye here that neuer man deyed of
soo paynfull and vyle a deth / wher-
of he pleyneyth hym by the prophete
dauid / apenge /

Defectio tenuit me pro peccas-
tibus delinquentibus legem tu-
am /

E Aye sweete fader full greet
 defalote me holdeth for syn
 ners / þhaue leste pour laloe
 Now for trowth ther was neupe
 man had more of pouer & defalote
 than he had in hishende / and thys
 sheweth seynte þe marde that seyth.
¶ Dignus defuit capiti. terra pedi
 Vestimentum corpori. potus ori. a
 micus consolacioni. **¶** Alas
 what defalote was thys / the tre
 failed to hys hede / the erthe failed to
 hys feete / clothyng failed to hys
 body / euery frende failed to hys con
 for / Now behold more verply of
 thys greet defalote that the tre fay
 led to his hede for th: crosse where he
 henge was withoute hed. for wha
 he was so wery & hys hede greued
 hym that was so sore setyn & bro
 sed wyth many greet strokes. that
 bnethe hys necke myght here hys
 hys was so astoned wyth payne / &
 when he had so greet nede to reste
 hys wofull / hede he founde not so
 moche ease that he had ony place to
 lene hys to. he was streyned so hys
 upon the crosse that hys hed might
 folowen no parte therof / **¶** What
 Inmesurable paynes / and sorowes
 he had / there founde he an ouer hard
 and sharpe pelow / for the hede of so
 noble and greet a kyng as he was
 O good lord when we fele ony
 greet payne or febilnesse in our hedis
 we wyl haue softe pelowes Andir

our harde hedys / and some woman
 or some ma to hold hit for tawage
 the prync but he had nother the con
 nor y tothys but shornare as hym
 self seyth he Jerom the prophete.

¶ Elactus sum in derisus omni
 populo meo canticu eorum tota die

I Am made in derisyon in
 moche of all my peple
 & thier eueryday songe The
 toth: & greet defalote that erthe fay
 led to hys feete and not to them on
 ly but to all hys body / that was so
 cruelly payned that he was seke on
 to the deeth & in al the large worlde
 had he not so moche of place as he
 myght put oon foote on erthe to res
 te hys wofull body / that was all
 to setyn / and brosed / but hynge in y
 eyer tured wyth greet nayles full pe
 tously Alas then ys not so byle
 a sarazin ne so folow a mesell ne so
 poure a wretche but that they my
 ght fynde some place or house where
 they myght take some reste or ease
 in ther synnesse. **¶** A sweete Ihu crys
 te wherefor woldst thou be in so greet pay
 sefse ouer all other of the wolde
 Trewly for loue so moche had thou
 den hym in such wyse y he taughte
 not of all the paynes he had for
 the forwent loue he hade to man
 nys folow. Now se here the thyrde
 defalote / that was Clothyng to
 hys / faye body as he seyth by Job:
¶ Quid egredi suz de utero ma
 tris mee. & nudus reuertar illuc

All naked I am come fro my
moders wombe/ and all naked I
shall retorne out of this worlde/
For the felon Ielwes had robbed
hym of his clothes. & departed they
amonge them/as he pleyneeth hym
by dauid the prophete/

Considerauerunt et inspererunt
me/deiiserunt Vestimenta mea et
super Vestem meam miserunt sortē

These Ielwes haue considered &
besolden me/ and haue deuoyd my
clothyng to them & cast lottes
theron. Whiche of theyrs it shold be

And the swete Ihesu wolde not
struge apynst them/But wyth go
od wyll gaaf theym for theyr ser
uice al that he had of erthly thyng.
Whych was noo more but oonly
his clothes/so pouer was he at that
tyme/for thus saith saynt Bernard

Quando fusti pauprior/tunc
fusti largior O bone Ihesu. Whā
thou were moost pouer. thenne we
re thou moost large/for theſe ga
uest thou to the thief the kyngdo
me of heuen/to saynt John euange
list thy moder/ to thy fader thy spy
rite/ and to vs thy flesshe to ete/ &
thy blode to drynke/ And thou ga
uest thy clothyng to thy crucify
ers/in such wyse that thou abode
te all naked on hye vpon the paty
ble/ A good lord god mercy the
moost stronge thief of the worlde
that were Iuged to be hanged. yet

shold he haue to couer hym a pouer
golde or a pour sherte/ But Ihesu
the kynge of glory had nother gon
ne nor sherte to couer him/Wher he
hynge openly before al folke. Wher
of he playneth hym by dauid/

Elactu est cor meum tanquā
cera liquecens in medio Ventris
mei/ My herte is becomen alle softe
& meltyng as it were waxe in my
body/ Alas we pouer wretches
What Ioye maye we haue of oure
honour/that is come of none oſter
thyng. But of the shame of Ihesu
crist. What gladnesse may we ha
ue of ease that is com of the dysce
of the swete Ihu crist/How may
we gloryſſe vs of our ryghtes that
cometh of the pouerte of Ihesu crist

What delyte maye we haue of
our freedom/that is all comen of the
bondes & epysonement of our lor
de Ihesu crist/ It neuer pleyſed him
that he shold suffre & lye on his bo
dy all the harme & payne that we
haue soo moche deseruyd/ Wythout
we ben parteners wyth hym in so
me maner of penance & sorow.
For trouth soo shal we doo yf we
wyll be parteners of his Ioye //
For he is not lothe to be part
ner to the wyngyng/that will not
be partener to the losse Wherof sa
ynt Bernard saith.

Videntes angustias dñi nostri
Ihu cristi. leuiter portauim⁹ neas

¶ If we shall hangupfles that
our lord Ihesu crist suffered for vs
we shold be our the more lyght
ly. And yf we wyll not be of his
lyuetye in compassion. it is noo re
ason we shold be of his lyuetye in
consolacion/

¶ See ye now the fourth default
that Ihesu cryste had/ that was
drynke fayllid hym to his mouth/

Two maner of me haue grete ne
de of drynke/ A mā that hath mo
che traueiled/ and a man that hath
moche bledde. And both thise thyn
ges were in our lord Ihesu cryste
that daye. For neuer man was so
werp of paynfull traueyll & woo
ful serupce as he was. Wherof hym
selfe sayth by Vsaie the prophete

¶ Seruite me fecistis in pectus
nostris/ et laborum michi praeuistis
in iniquitatibus nostris /

¶ Ye make me serue in poure
folle synnes to giue my labour/ in
poure Iniquyte/ And after he sayth

¶ Vsaie/ Laborum sustinens
I haue traueylled in suffyrnge/
For I haue suffered al the harmes
that men wolde doo me. for the lo
ue of mannes soule / And yf ye
wyll ye maye fynde written: that
in that labour he traueylled soo mo
che/ that the blood ranne fro his te
der bodi/ for to crye for mercy to his
fader. for his loue mannes soule/
that was condemned to perpetuel

pyrson/ As he sayth by Iherom

¶ Laborum uigens I haue sore
traueylled in prayeng for your sou
les/ thise were harde labours /

¶ The seconde cause to say he was
lete blood / It was not of one Dep
ne/ nor of two. but he bledde ouer al
his body/ In soo many places that
it was grete dyfficulte to nomber
the woundes of the ampyble body
of Ihesu cryste/ that plenteuously
bledde. But when we see lete
blood spon a litell beyne on oure
armes. we kepe vs all styll & clo
se in a chamber/ that none aye co
me in to hurte vs. And haue alle
thynges ordeyned to our comforte

¶ A good lord al other wyse we
te it at your paynfull bledpng. that
was so cruelly drawen oute of the
tolone/ without any mercy or py
te/ and by the shamfull tyrauntes
hanged spon the Crosse agaynst
that beemynge sonne streyned as
steypt as a parchemyn shynne to
drye/ And by thise paynfull wou
des & labours/ he had grete thurst
whiche was noo merueyle/ And
thenne he pleynd hym pteously/ &
sayd/ **¶** Scicio/ I haue thurst/ &
what theme. They gaaf him noo
ppocras nor wyne/ ne yet fair wa
ter/ But they gaaf hym cyfel and
galle medled togyder /

¶ Alas what drynke was thys
to be gyuen at soo grete a neede .

Cum gustasset noluit bibere.
Iz dixit consumatum est/

Whan he had taasted he wold
not drynke/ but sayd all is
fulfyllid/ Therne myght he
wel haue said alas/ now am I out
ragiously scrupd/ y for al the com
panye that I haue had wyth them
and for all the honoures that I ha
ue shewed to thepm / they yelde me
now thus shewedly my scrupse
that in soo grete disease as / I am
now in/ and in soo grete defaulte
they wylle not gyue me a litl wa
ter to drynke. Now am I outrage
ously scrupd/ For truly this same
dyde more harme than many othe
r of the paynes that he suffryd.

And noo merueyle/ for he had lon
ge laboured for to tcehe thepm for
to saue their soules and to draue
theyr loue towarde hym/ And for
all this grete loue yet at the laste
they dyde hym this grete vilanye
Wherof he pleyneyth hym by Iherom
the prophete sayeng!

Recordare paupertatis & tran
sgressionis mee absinthij & fellis /
Fayre frende remembre you of the
pouertee that I suffered for you /
And remembre of the grete dys
tes that was done to me whā they
gaaf me to drynke so euill a dryn
ke for your loue/ Wherof sayth sa
ynt bernarde. **S**itini salutē des
tram/ I haue thirst sayd our lor

de/ and not oonly for drynke/ but
oonly for your sauacion/ O good
lorde mercy/ who had euer in hym
soo ferme loue as he/ whan he was
in soo paynfull caas / that he felte
the feuers of his harde deth pricke
soo sore his pytuous soule/ Yet sa
yd he not alas / the harde crosse des
troyeth my sekke body. But he sayd
I haue grete thirste that my loue
may be deliuered from helle/ He say
de not hold thysse thornes rase myn
wooful hede/ Nor alas hold my hō
des & fetter ben broken & prynced wyth
grete nayles. Nor alas that I shol
de suffre soo many grete paynes
wythout deserte/ But he sayd I ha
ue desire that my loue were sauyd.
as saynt bernarde sayth.

Cantu me dilexisti o bone ihu
quod inmemor fuisti doloris & nō
inmemor mee salutis. dixisti scio
non dixisti doleo/ Soo moche thou
hast louyd me o good Ihu. that y
hast not remembryd thy sorowde/ &
yet thou haddest y remembraunce
of my saluacōn/ whā thou saydest
I thirst after your saluacion/ and
sayd not I haue grete sorowde for
my paynes/ But all otherwyse to
ke it the felon Iewes/ and therefore
they dyde him such a noye/ that the
most bytter eysell and galle gaaf
hym to drynke /

The fifth default that was ful
grete/ was whan every frende say

led to his comforte / soo as hymself
 pleyeth hym by dauid / **S**in-
 gulariter sum ego donec transeam
 I am lefte allone wythoute com-
 forte. tyll that I be passed oute of
 this mortall lyf / Wherof he sayeth
 by ysaye. **C**ircumspexi et non
 erat auxiliator. I behelde all about
 me. and there is none that of any
 thyng helpeyth me / or wyll comforte
 me / And syth sayeth he by ysaye
Torcular calcami solus / & non
 erat de gentibus vir mecum /

I have troden in the vylayn press:
 fours all alone / and of all the fol-
 kes in the worlde I have not one
 man wyth me Wherof sayeth ysaye

Quare ergo est rubium indu-
 mentum tuum et vestimenta tua
 sicut calcancium in torculari /

But saye lord god wherfore
 was thenne thy vestment soo re-
 de / as they that haue pressed wyne
 at the pressour. Ye for trouth the
 vestment that he was clothed in
 was his clene skyn / that was alle
 reddy of his blessed blode as he had
 pressed reddy wyne all alone wyth-
 out comforte and wythout helpe /

But saye frende ye wolde saye
 peradventure. that allone wythoute
 comforte was he not / For he had
 his deere moder ful nere hym for to
 comforte hym. It is trouth his so-
 lowfull moder was nere hym; but
 he was more payned of the com-

pascion of his piteous moder than
 of his owne pascion / And thys
 maye ye here by a lamentacion of
 our lady / y saynt bernard writeth
 that begyneth thus / as hereafter fol-
 loweth /

Quis dabit capiti meo aqua
 et oculis meis fontem lacri-
 marum qd possim flere per
 diem & noctem donec seruo suo do-
 minus Ihesus cristus cooperet
 Visu / Vel sompno consolans ani-
 mam meam

Who shall geue to my head water
 and to myne eyen a well of tere
 that I myght wepe by daye & nyg-
 ht soo longe. that it wolde pleyse
 our lord Ihesu cryst to apere to me
 his seruaunte in sighte. or in dre-
 me to comforte my very soule.

O ye daughters of Iherusalem
 the blefied frendes of our lord hel-
 pe me to wepe in praye / and pray
 in wepyng so longe. that our spou-
 se in his helde soo benigne / and so
 swete to be wyll apere / Thynke
 deuoutly / and remembre entent-
 ly in your hertes how bytter a thyng
 ge it is to be departed from hym / to
 whom ye haue promysed euerycho-
 ne loonly to holde you. to whom ye
 haue auowed yelde your soules / the-
 ne to him saye daughters / saye vir-
 gynes. saye maydens & pure / that
 haue auowed chastyte to Ihesu cri-
 ste / come to the swete virgyne that

bare hym. For she bare the kyng
 of glorie And she wyll gyue him
 or hir that wyll requyre hym with
 good loue. She bare hym she gaaf
 hym souke/the eyght dape he was
 circuncysed/ and the xl dape he was
 presented to the temple/ and offred
 for hym ii turtles. And after fled
 for fere of herode / and bare hym in
 to egypte/ and nourisht him e toke
 kepe of hym/ and folowed hym fro
 place to place tyl he came to the cro
 sse. And left she hym there theie
 nape trulpy. she tarped there as lon
 ge as cuer she myght. Iheremie be
 rely that she was amonge tho wy
 men that folowed Ihesu crist for to
 serue hym. And it was noo mer
 uyle though she folowed hym/ for
 he was all hyr Ioye/ all hyr comfor
 t. and all hyr desire. Wherefore I
 suppose wel that she was among
 theim that compleyned our lord in
 wepyng. She wept thenne wyth
 thoos doughters of Iherusalem/ to
 whiche Ihesu cryng his crosse tor
 ned e sayd/ O ye doughters of Ihe
 rusalem ne wepe ye not on me/ but
 wepe ye on your self: and on your
 chyldeyn /

The Boys prayeng the blessed
 moder of Ihesu crist/ O lady of pa
 radys thampable moder of our lor
 d Ihesu crist is it not this trowth
 that I saye/ Now blessed lady I hu

bly beseeche you! that it like you to
 saye me the trowth/ and not to dys
 pleyse you/ though I your seruaunt
 speke thus hardely to his lady/
 And to the entent I wote byrgyn
 that I maye more worthely and de
 uotly here what it wyll pleyse you
 to saye. I beseeche you that ye will
 gyue me some of the tertes that ye
 had in the passon of your dce chil
 de. And to shewe me the maner of
 the compaseyon and sorow that ye
 had thenne.

The Boys of the byrgyn marpe
 Transsumptiue illa respondit
 illud quod tu queris/ conpungitur
 uuz est magni doloris/ s3 quia glo
 rificata sum. flere non possum. tu
 autem cum lacrimis/ scribe ea que
 magnis doloribus ipsa perpensi.

She answered/ a fayre frende/
 this thyng that thou desirest is co
 punction wyth grette sorowde / but
 for by cause that I am glorified. I
 maye not wepe. But write thou
 wyth tertes those thynges the whi
 che I myselte haue suffryd wyth
 grette sorowdes /

The Boys prayeng/ A lady of
 paradye/ graunte me this that ye
 speke/ and thenne haue I all that
 I desire O quene of heuen moder to
 the crucified crist Ihesu/ say to me
 what it pleyseth you / And your
 your seruaunt shall humbly here.

What that it listeth you to saye /
And my deere lady I beseeche you
that ye wyll vouchsaf to tel me
yf ye were in Iherusalem whan yo
ur swete sone was taken and bo
und /

The Boye of the blessed Virgyn
Cum illa respondit in Iheru
salem eram quando hec audiui gres
su qualicunq3 potui & dix potui
ad deum meum flens Venire cun
q3 illum fuisssem intuita pugnis
percuti / et alapis cedi in facie con
spui / spinis coronari / et obprobriū
hominum fieri. commota sunt om
nis viscera mea. et defecit spiritus
meus / & non erat michi flere / neq3
sensus neq3 vox.

Whiche answered saye frende in
Iherusalem I was. whan I herde
that he was taken / Therne spode
I me forth gooyng as I myghte /
and scarcely al wepyng as I was
colde I come to my god. And
whan I behelde hym streyken wyth
fystes / and beaten wyth grete stro
kes / in his blessed face he pittred cro
wned wyth thornes / and made the
reprees of men / Therne was I so
inwardly meuyd with sorow that
my spyryte faylled me / soo that I
was as therne past wepyng / wpt
or Boye. But I was not allone
for there were wyth me my susters
and other wyemen ful heuy and so
rowfull. that wepte for my swete

chylde as moche as he had he there
Amonge the whiche was marpe
maldelepyne / that ouer al othe sa
ue my selfe made sorowde / And the
ne pylate commaunded that Iesu
crist sholde he brought forth to his
tormentes / and fere the crosse hym
selfe: Spon the whiche he sholde cry

And thus was he dra wen to
warde his dedely tormentes / And
therne was there ful grete pces
of peple that folowed hym / And so
me mockid him / and some cast mi
re and filthe Spon his hede. and in
his swete face / whyppe all the true
ly corde deliteth to beholde: And I
his sorowfull moder folowed him
wyth other wyemen of galilee / and
I was as halfe dede wyth sorowde.
But they supported me till we ca
me vnto the place of his passion
whete they crucyfyed my sone befo
re myne eyen / And he behelde me
soo pteously / and salde me / and I
hym whan he was rised Spon the
crosse / fastned wyth thre grete boy
ustpous nayles of yren / And mo
re me thought he sorowed for me /
than of his owne payne / And he
took it as mekly as it were a labe
before theym that crucyfyed hym /
And made noo noyse / nor opened
not his mouth / And I seke as I
was behelde my lorde and my sone
hangyng on the crosse / and of soo
ryght folowde we the cryng in sorow

I Was thenne soo traneplyd in
my thought. that it can not be spo
ken of noo mouth.

And it is not to be merueyled/he
was of soo meke a look and of so
swete/ of worde / and soo benygne
in euery conuersacyon: And there
salbe J his precyous blood renne
wth grette streames in all partes
in such wise that his visage was
all strepned therwth/ and all hys
beaute chaunged soo moche. that he
was before the moost fayr that e
uer was / sempd thenne to be the
moost folow of all other /

Thenne salbe J well that the
prophecy of Isaye was accom
plishyd in hym

Vidimus eum/ et non erat ei
species neq3 decore /

Whe salbe hym/ and in hym
was nother beaute nor ho
nour/ it was soo chaunged
by setyng and spyttynges/ and cas
tyng of myre/ and other fylth Sp
on hym by thysse cursyd people /

Cruel this was to me a greuous
torment. to see me thus sorowful
ly dyscryued from hym that I had
borne/ and noursyhd. and now to
be left allone/ wyche encreased me
wth sorowe Spon sorowe/ so that
my Joye failed me/ whan I wold
speke. there took me such a sorowe
that closed my hert soo that I wolde

noo thyng doo but snobbe & sighe
whan I salbe in depenge the same
that dyed for loue. & that my soule
louyd / And thenne behelde he me
and salbe that I wepte and wolde
haue comforted me/ But in noo
maner I coude receyue noo comfor
te/ And thenne I wepte in seenge
and sayd in wepyng/ Alas fayre
sone why graunte ye me not to dy
for you? Alas what shall I now
doo. my dere sone dyeth / wherefore
dyeth not his sorowfull moder
wth hym. A fayr sone my oonly
loue leue not after you/ But take
me wth you soo that ye deye noi
thus allone/ but lete vs deye toge
der. suffice your woofull moder to
be slayn wth you/ O ye wretched
deth/ ne spare me not. for nowd yo
ur comyng shold plesse me. ssee me
wth my swete sone that is al my
Joye and all my comfort/ and the
lyf of my soule. Nowd my dere sone
doo soo moche that I may dy wth
you syth I haue borne you to thys
cruell deth. Alas take heere nowd
of your sorowfull moder. and heere
my prayer / Receyue me wth you
in your passion in such wyse that
we that haue liyd in one fleshe &
loued of one loue maye deye of one
deth/ O ye cruel men wherefore spa
re ye me sith ye crucyfie my chyl
de/ crucyfie me wth hym/ or make
me deye of some othyr deth/ I wylle

not what it be soo that I depe with
my sone/ Alas my swete chylde
sholde ye depe thus allone/ Noow see
I my lyfe depe/ and my helth perys-
she/ All my hope is taken oute of
therth/ Wherefore lyueth the sorow-
full moder after the sone Take the
moder, and put hyr to dethe wyth
hyr sone/ syth ye spare not the sone
spare not the moder/

A Dethe thy crueltie noow to
me sholde be grete Joye yf I
myghte depe wyth my sone
Thus. A dooo is me/ the deeth that
I desire soo moche departeth fro me
A my dere chylde. it is moche bet-
ter for me to depe than to lyue a de-
dely lyffe/

O dere sone/ o blessed swete sone
receyue the prayers of your sorow-
full moder And be not harde to he-
re that hath be allwaye soo lonygne
to all other/ Truly it is accordyn-
ge that the sone sholde here his so-
rowfull moder soo dyscomforted/
Noow swete childe receyue your mo-
der wyth you on your crosse/ that I
maye lyue allwaye wyth you after
your deeth/ For trulye there sholde
noo thyng be to me soo Joyfull as
to depe wyth you vpon the crosse.
No: no thyng maye be to me mo-
re paynfull than to lyue after you
ur dethe.

A sayre swete chylde/ the very

true sone of god. haue vyte on you
ur sorowfull moder. For ye be my
fader and my moder/ Ye be my hus-
bonde. ye be my sone/ ye be all the
Joye and comforte I haue in this
worlde/ And noow am I Orphelin
of fader/ Wydow of husbonde/ dys-
comforted of chylde/ These cruell
Ielwes haue taken all from me

A sayre swete sone what shal I
doo fro here forth/ Fair lord what
shall befall on me/ My dere chylde
where shall I fynde comforte/ Most
ferefull frende/ and alle my lone/
where shall I fynde helpe & counseyle

A sayre swete sone I knowe well
that ye maye doo what that ye will
But yf it plesse you not that I de-
noow wyth you/ I beseeche you that
ye wyll leue me some gracious
comforte.

The Hopes of our lord to his
blessyd moder answeryng there where
he hynge so paynfully on the cros-
se/ And tomyd his eyen full vyte-
fully towarde saynt John theuan-
gelyst/ and sayd to his moder.

Woman see there your sone/ And
saynt Johan was thenne there pre-
sent full vyteously, and contynuel-
ly wepyng/ **E**cce si dicere. O
maria dulcissima mollis ad fletu-
du & mollis ad dolendu / tu scis qd
ad hoc rem Beni ad hoc de te carne
supsi. Et per crucis patibulu salua-
re genus huumanum.

As yf he had sayd O moost
 swete marie kyng soo redy to co;
 passion and wepyng/ and soo redy
 to piteous sorowde/ ye knowe wel
 that for this I came: and for this
 I took fleshe of the. that bi the pa
 tyble of the crosse I shold redeme
 mankynde. How other wyse shol
 de be the scriptures accomplisshyd,
 wherby ye knowe well that it beho
 ueth me to suffer deathe for the sa
 uacyon of mankynde / And the
 thyrde dawe I shall aryse agayne
 and appere to the and to my dysci
 ples / Now seafe ye your wepyng
 ges and your sorowdes faye swete
 moder syth that I goo now to my
 fader where I shall receyue the glo
 ry of my paternall maieste /

Ye oughte to make Ioye wyth
 me/ & be gladd of this that I shall
 fynde the shepe that hath erred soo
 longe/ and be losse / For oonly one
 shall dey/ by whom the worlde shal
 be sauyd / And this that plesseth
 to god my fader. How shold it dys
 please you my swete moder

Wherfore I praye you wepe noma
 re/ nor make noo more this sorowde
 full complayntes / For I shall not
 leue nor forgete you. But am
 and shal be wyth you allway with
 out ende / For though I am not
 after the fleshe obeysaunte to the
 deathe / yet after my dymyng I am
 and shal be allway Immortal and

Insuffryng of payne /

Ell knowe ye faye swete
 moder how I came
 Wherfore be ye theise so so
 rowful/ though I ascende there fro
 whens I descended / It is tyme that
 I retourne to hym that sende me
 hyther / And there maye not ye
 come now / But surely ye shal come
 after. And in the meane tyme
 Johan that is your newelbe shall
 be in stede of your sone & shal take
 kepe of you/ & be your true confort
 & theise helpe our lord saynt iohn
 and sayd to hi See here thy moder
 I recomende hyr vnto the/ and
 praye the faye swete frende serue
 hyr/ and take good kepe of hyr/
 For I deliuer hyr vnto thy keepyn
 ge/ Receyue thy moder Johan/ and
 not as thy moder wythout more.
 But receyue hyr more gladly for
 this that she is my moder. Truly
 felwe wordes spake our lord But
 Johan thise two that herde hym th
 swetly speke/ thei fered not of wepyng
 But sorowdes martyred them in
 such wyse that they coulde not spe
 ke one worde.

Thise two blessed byrgens heyn
 ge our lord thus speke wyth hole
 voyce / And salve hym dralve ne
 re to his deathe/ they coulde not ans
 wer one word/ but were as haif de
 d / saylinge to the thei spirytes &
 voyce / They wepte full bittarly

And sorrowed for the swerde of the
passion of our lord Ihesu cryst per
ced thorough thei soules / This
swerde perced thei bothe full cru
elly. and whoo moost feruently lo
uyd moost cruelly was tormetted
This was the moder that felde the
sorrowes that her sone suffered /

The swerde of sorrow was the wo
undes of Ihesu cryst / Whych were
paynful tormentes in the soule of
his moder / Whan Ihesu cryst had
deliuered his blessid moder in the
pyng of saynt Johan. And he sa
ell that tender mayde soo pytous
ly wept / noble and figh. that noo
thyng in all this worlde myght
comfort hyr / thenne had he soo gre
te sorrow / that by compassion therof
the anguyshe of the harte with se
ased hym by the herte / And cryed
with merueylous voyces and sor
rowfull / and yelded by his spryte /

¶ Now maye ye see well how he
had fallow of every maner of com
fort / and how his blessid moder di
de him thenne more of sorrow than
of comfort /

¶ Now haue ye herde how harde
dethe and shamefull the swete Ihe
su hath suffryd for the loue of his
loue our soules / ¶ If he
wolde yet in any maner geue hym
hyr loue / And haue com pascyon

of hym / and all his paynful deth
wherof he many thynges that may
encrease our loue and our compas
sion.

¶ The fyrst thyng is the grete so
wle that was in our lord Ihesu
cryst. of the whych he sayth by Je
remy / ¶ Non est dolor sicut dolor
meus /

¶ There is noo sorrow like vnto
to my sorrow / and it was
noo merueyle / For moche
more tender is a ponge cleane byr
gyne innocent without synne than
an olde wretched synner / Now was
there neuer a more pure byrgyne
ne more tender. nor soo cleane as
was the blessed pure byrgyn mary
the fayre moder of our lord. Ihesu
cryste / of whom he took his huma
nitye of the moost pure droppes of
hyr byrgynall blood without synne
and any substaunce of the huma
ne seed. For whan this blessed for
di was borne of his moder / he was
more tender than is the apple of y
eye. And as litell payne dyde geue
in his swete body / as it shold do
in the fighthe of our eye.

¶ For his blessed moder was
neuer blamyd of synne / wherof he
was soo tender that there was ne
uer man / nor none other creature
that in this worlde dyde suffre

soo grete sorowes/ and so hideous
tormentes as dyde our lord Ihesu
crist in his tender body. Who e thir
ty yere durynge/ allwape greuous &
more greuous. And he receyued
theym full hardely and wyfely for
the loue of his loue. as he saith by
Psa. 69.

Exo posui faciem meam ut pe
trant durissimam/et subditur/qui
est aduersarius meus./ accordat ad
me/ Therefore I haue put my face
as a right harde stone/ who sayth
who is. myne aduersaryes come to
me to do me asmoche harme as thei
wylle/ And I shall receyue theym
for the loue of my loue.

The seconde is/ the right grete
loue/ and that appered betwene Ihe
su crist and his moder/ For by the
grete loue that his moder had to lo
ue hym/ the woerde of harde mar
terdom passed thorough her soule
as Symeon promysed hyr. when
she offryd Ihesus in the temple/

Et tuam ipsius animam per
transibit gladius/ The woerde shall
passe thorough your soule/

Also dauid playneth hym gre
tely for his sone Absolon in the bo
ke of kyngis/ **Q**uis dabit mi
chi ut ego moriar pro te. **A**las mi
fayr sone absolon/ what shall I do
sith ye be dede/ wherfore maye I not
dye for you/ Thus semeth it that
the deith of his sone was more gre

nous vnto hym. than shoulde haue
be his owne proper deith. In like
wyse our blessed lady had by many
fold more sorow of the deith of her
swete sone/ than she shoulde haue of
hys owne/

And accordynge chyldeyn ha
ue grete loue vnto ther moder/ and
nature meueth theym to be in full
grete feere and sorow when they see
ther moder leten or wounded/

But what chylde sayd euer his
moder thus martyred and soo leten
and wounded of mortall sorowe
as Ihesu crist sayd his moder/
Not oonly in body ne in her tender
hert. but in hys holy soule that was
specyally crucyfied wyth hym.

And who louid euer moder so ten
derly as dyde the swete Ihesu crist
Wherof sayth saynt Anselme/

Alloquens filius cum benedi
dicta mater sic dixit. **B**estis conti
nuo a more langueat cor meum li
quescet anima mea / deficiat caro
mea **B**tinaz sic viscera anime mee
dulci feruore dileccionis bester ex
aresceret ne viscera carnis mee ex
arescant/

Ow swetely the Sone of
god Ihesus spake to his
blessyd moder agnt Marye
that sayd/ Fayr moder of your con
tynuell loue that ye haue to me
my herte languysshyth my soule
maye were softe.

my flesshe may saylle. I desire that
the entrayles of my soule myghte
dye for fauour of your lone/ as þ
entrayles of my flesshe ben dyed
for langour of agnysshe and of gre
uaunce

Alas how grete pyte is it w^ha
soo good frendes shal depart wyth
soo grete sorowde ;

The thyrde reason is w^herfo
re men ought to haue com
passion of his grete Inno
cency. For gretter sorowde is it to
see a man suffre grete harme w^hith
oute deserte/as saynt peter sayth/

Ipse enim peccata non fecit nec
inuentus est dolor in ore eius .

He neuer dyde synne nor noo trep
son / w^herfore we oughte to haue
the gretter sorowde/that he suffered so
moche torment for vs/ as Vsaye
sayth/**I**pse enim Vulneratus
est propter iniquitates nostras.at
tutus est propter scelera nostra

Truly he was mortally wounded
for our Iniquyte/and all desoyled
for our felonpes/A man that ha
the a noble hert wylle haue ful gre
te compa. on w^han a nother shal
suffre payne for his deserte. For he
hyself thinketh he felith the pain in
hymself/w^herof it is w^hreten in the
boke of synges. That w^han Da
uid by pryde had nombred his peo
ple/w^herore our lord sent an aun
gell to s^hee his peple. for the displey

sure that he took of the same pryde
And w^han dauid saide the an
gel s^hee his folke/ he sayd to our lor
de full petyously/

Ego sum qui peccavi/ego ini
qz egu/ isti qui oues sunt/ quid fecerunt.
Vertatur obsecro ira tua con
tra me/ O fayre lord sayd he I ha
ue synned/ and I am he that hathe
done euill/thyse folkes that ben in
nocentes/w^ha haue they done w^her
re for they ben slayne/ I beseeche the
lord that thou retorne thy wrath
towarde me/and take vengauce
on me. for I am w^horthy/ and they
not/ Thus maye we saye a lord
god mercy/ we ben they that haue
synned/we ought by treason to suf
fere passion & dethe/

A good Ihesus/ye synned ne
uer/w^herfore shold ye bere the ven
gauce of our trespasses & euill de
des /

The fourth thyng is his noble
nes/for gretter pite is it of a noble
man w^han he is vile entreated tha
of a vyle persone/And there was
neuer none fonde soo noble nor of
soo ryall nor gentyll lpynage. as
was the swete Ihesu cryst/ For he
was and his the sone of the kyng
of heuen/of the erth/& of helk.and
of all theym that ben them. And
by his moder was he comen of the
signage of the ryche kyng dauid
and of the wyse kyng Salamon/

A good lorde mercy. for he was
littell accustomed to lede suche lyfe
ful strange was it to hym to suf
fer suche paynes/as ysaie sayth/

E Alienum opus eius/St operer
tur opus suū peregrinūz est ab eo
Moche chaūged is his werke that
he dooth this vile crafter/It is full
strange to hym/And this sheweth
saynt bernarde more openly/

E Illud capud angelicis spiritibz
bz adorandū & tremendū/spinis et
tribulis coronatur/aures que audi
unt cantus. angelorū audiuit in
sultus iudeorū dicentium/crucifi
ge crucifige eūz. oculi lucidiores/
sole calligauerunt in morte/ & c

That he is crowned wpyth thorn
es & brenes/that is worshipped &
fere of angelles/The eeres whiche
heere the songes of angelles. theie
heere the cryenge of Ielwes. cruci
fyfe hym crucifyfe hym/The eyen y
ben bryghter than the sone became
thenne all derie in his dethe. The
face that is most fayer amonge the
sones of men was thenne all foy
led wpyth foule spittynge. The hō
des that maden heuen & erthe were
steepled thenne on the crosse. The
fete that he to be honoured were the
ne rudely nayled to the tre/O go
od lord there was neuer soo noble
a persone/ soo gentyll nor soo cur
teys. And yet was neuer none
soo fowdfully entreated. **E** The

fifth reſon that was in ihu was
his benignyte And his deſonap
te. Wherof ſaynt poull ſaith/ad titū

Apparuit benignitas & huma
nitas ſaluatoris noſtri corde dei/

The benignyte & the humanyte of
god our ſauour apereth/ And the
ſu himſelf ſayd. **E** Discite a me
quia mitis ſum & humilis corde

Leerne this of me faye loue/ for I
am humble of herte. O ſaynt ma
ry mercy/Whan he was soo benyg
ne a man & soo deſonapz. What ne
de was it to ſete hym soo felonous
ly/ What nede was it soo cruelly
With a ſharpe ſpere to perce his/We
te herte soo mortally/ What nede
was it thus to tormente him and
soo ſhamfully to draue soo bleſſid
a chyld/ soo faye a ſone & soo deſo
naye and of soo humble a herte as
our lorde Ihu cryſt was/Alas a
las wherfore bounde & ſhelde the fe
lon ielwes soo rudely the ſame that
neuer did harme/ but to all folkes
ſhelved loue & deſonapz/Wherof ſa
ynt auſtin playneth hym full gret
ly ſayeg/ **E** O dolor inestimabilis
o angustia ſingularis / palmatur
que eſt vera palma victorie/ ſpi
nis coronatur qui venit/ ſpinas pec
catorū conſtringere ligatur. qui ſol
uit cōpeditos in ligno ſuspenditur
qui erigit elifos. ſons dicit. ſitis
panis/angelorū eſurit/ Quid plu
ra diſciplina. creditur ſal9/ Vulne
E i

ratur Vita ad tempus/moritur Et
in ops in perpetuum moriatur

Sowd Inestimable/ O an
guishful synguler he was pa
lmed, that is the true palm
of Victorie/ he was crowded with
thornes / that came to berie the
thornes of synne/ He was sore to
unde that came to lose thep that
were in bondes/ He was hanged
on the crosse/ that reyseth hem that
ben ouerthrowen/ The well of luf
had thurst/ The brede of angelles
had hunger/ And what more, dis
cypline was beten/ Helth was wo
unded/ Lufe for a tyme was dede
to slee weth wythouten ende/ The
re was neuer none herde of creatu
re that receyued by many folde soo
grette harme in rebarde of his gre
te goodnes. And thenne to reme
ber his benygnyte & his grete deuo
nairte/ Wherof holy chyrche maketh
grette sorow in an ympne of y pas
syon/ And ppytously complaineth
that soo gracypus a body was soo
cruelly stryken wyth a spere / and
perced soo depe with grete nayles &
saith thenne to the crosse. ¶ Elec
te ramos arbor alta/ & c. O ye hye
tree of the crosse/ wythdrawe pour
braynches/ slake pour entayles/ y
ben so strat chyd/ and pour rygour
the whyppe he gaaf/ as waga yow
sypth all the members of the soue
reigne dekonayre kyngde is stryged

on the harde stocke. ¶ The syge
cause wherfor men shold haue com
pascyon of our lord Ihesu cryste
this was the semblaunce of other
thynges that maken sorowe/ For
Iohan a man seeth other folke ma
ke sorow/ he is more apte to sorow
wyth thep. In like wyse beholde
how many ensamples were of so
wode Ioha our lord Ihesu cryste dy
ed/ The vnreasonnable creatures ma
de sorowe/ The sonne wythdrawe
his lycht hidyng his tyme and
became al derke/ The harde stones
all to brake thus as though they
had compascyon of thep creatour
The Bayle of the temple claf on to
as yf it were for angursshe of the
spowse of holy chyrche. Whos body
was soo ppytously entreated/ The
bodes of dede folke aroos for ensa
ple of that sorowe/ And that men
ought to remembre that deth with
grette compascyon: And also it is
a grete ensample of ppyte & sorowe
the lamentable complaint that his
blessid & sorowfull moder made for
the dethe of hyr swete sone Iohan
he was left allone of all frendes
auf of saynt Iohan/ to whose lie
pyng she was delueyd/ beholdyng
thenne hyr dede chylde dede spon y
crosse hangyng betwene two tre
ues/ Well myght she make then
ne the moost sorowfull complain
te that euer was made/ Wherof

sayth saynt Bernarde / **Q**uis
dabit capiti meo aquam / &c. And
whan hit sone was dede on the cro
sse / saynt Bernarde sayth thus /

Cogitare libet quantus dolor tunc
fuit matri mulieri cum sic dolebant
insensibiles non lingua loqui. nec
mens cogitare valebat quanto dolo
re afficiebantur pia viscera marię

If mape he thoughte full
grette sowld was in his ble
ssyd moder. Whan the crea
tures that felde not made soo grete
sowld as is before reherced / there
can noo tongue saye. nor hert thyn
ke how merueylous grete sowld
es & pytous tormentes was in y
herthe of that blessed byrgyne mary
and saynt Bernarde sayth / **N**unc
soluis Virgo maria cum viscera q
in partu mutuasti a natura. dolo
re pariendo filium non sensisti quem
milies replicando filio moriente
passa fuisti / Now swete Virgin ye
haue yeldd wyth surpe this that
in the byrth of yomr sone was cha
unged apenst nature. For in hys
byrthe felde ye noo sowld nor pay
ne. But in his deth felde ye the thou
sande folde of sowldes / The moder
was nere vnto the crosse at the de
the of Ihesu crist / whiche she concei
uyd by the holy goost / But she say
led to the speche & boyes / whiche so
wold had taken fro her.

O Verum eloquiū instat sume

onis / O ye true worde of the very
Just Symeon / For thenne was
your promyse fulfilled of the swer
de of sowld whan that blessed vir
gyne mary was there present. and
hyr swete sone hanged on the cros
se / She laye at the erthe as dede pa
le and dyscolored But hyr soule ly
ued. as in depe / And yet was she
not dede but luyng as a dedely crea
ture the sowldes tourmented hyr
soule so cruelly / that she desired mo
che more to dye than lyue / For af
ter the deth of hir swete chylde full
painfully & dedely luyed. she though
she were not vterly dede that dape
was she therein full merueylous.
sowld a bapting whan the blessed
body of our lord Ihesu cryste shold
be taken doun of the crosse. She
wept in sayeng. & sayd in wepyng
Alas alas who shall yelde to me
your sowldfull moder the dede body
of hyr dere lous and chylde / O ye
cruell Jeldes / ye haue accomplished
now your desire Wherefore I requi
re you take doun this holy body of
the crosse / and yelde him to his wo
full moder / She luyng nere to the
crosse beholdyng full pytously hir
swete sone Ihu there hangyng / the
ne wos she by on hyr fete / & wyth
full grete payne dresyd hyr to the
crosse. where she myghte best enbra
ce the blessed body of Ihesu cryste.
to whom she had somtyme gyuen

folowke wyth hyr olone swete bres-
 tes/ but she myghte not avenge him
 And thenne enforced she his wyth
 all hyr powder to stretch hyr as
 hye as she myghte avenge to tolde
 some parte of hym. Wher wyth she o-
 uerhewde to the erthe. and lay the-
 re a grete while in merueylous so-
 rowdes/ But yet agayne the grete
 feruentnesse of loue made hyr to a-
 ryse/ coueptyng hyr dere sone. And
 enforced hyr wyth alle hyr powder
 to draw hym to hir/ But she was
 soo fulfyllid wyth sorow/ soo wey-
 fild and weryed wythinward mar-
 tirdom. that she coude not susteyne
 hyr/ but ouerthrewde ayen to the erth

O graue martirium/ O fre-
 quens suspirium/ O languens pec-
 tus Virgineum liquefacta est aia
 mea/ facies pallet rosea/ Sz precis
 oso filii ruket cruore respersa caden-
 tis fluctus/ sanguinis/ ore sacro
 tangebatur terram oculos/ quā
 cruoris vnda rigabat /

O how greuous martirio :
 me. O how depe goften si-
 kes/ O how this Virgynal
 herte was paynfully tormentid
 And this holy soule that was all
 dyssoluyd in sorowe/ And this co-
 lour that before was fresshe as the
 rose/ was become soo piteously pa-
 le. And she all besprencid wyth
 the precyous blood of hir swete so-
 ne/ wherof grete plente fylle vpon

the erthe/ wherof she wyth hyr holy
 mouth kyssed/ soo entyrlly. that she
 brake the wallbes and clotys of
 that precyous blood/ to lychyng y-
 erthe/ soo wonderfully was she tor-
 mented wyth full grete sorowdes

It was not this more lyke a
 sorowfull dyeng than a lye And
 whyle she was in thysse tormentes
 came a noble man. that was na-
 mid Joseph/ whiche was truly in
 his herte a discypple to Ihus/ And
 he wente all hardly to pylate/ and
 aspyd the body of Ihesu cryst. whi-
 che was graunted to hym/ Thenne
 took he a nother man wyth hym
 that was callid Nicodemus/ soo
 came they to golgatha wher oure
 lorde was crucyfyed/ And broug-
 ht wyth theym theyr Instrumen-
 tes to take oute the nayles of his
 bondes & fete. and to take him dou-
 ne of the crosse. And whan that
 blessed Virgyn saw that they wol-
 de take hym downe/ she was vpon
 well as she myghte for all hyr so-
 rowde to helpe theym to hyr powder

That one took oute the nayles
 and that other susteyned his body
 that it shold not falle to the erthe
 And his blessed moder took hym
 by the arme. And as soone as he
 was taken downe/ his swete mo-
 der took hym in hir armes full so-
 rowfully kyssyng and clyppynge
 hym. soo piteously wepyng/ that

She all to wette his blessed bysage
With hyr sorrowfull teares/ And to
armed hyr selfe with many and
often sighes/ and sobbpynges ful
lamentably complaynyng/ weepyn
gynge hyr bondes and sayd/ O my
swete sone. Why suffred ye this se
lon Jellows to crucifye you.

O what sorrow nold I your wret
chyd moder holdeth you dede in my
lapp. O what shall I sorrowfull
do nold/ Alas fayre sone alas
where is becom that grete Joy that
I had in your natiuite/ alas nold
is my Joye chaunged/ and turned
in to grete sorrow / my fayre de
chylde And euer amonge she kys
syt full swetely his blessed bysage
With soo grete plente of sorrowful
teares/as all hyr fleshe had be mol
ten in teares/ And thenne sayd she
full pitously to the body of hyr so
ne/ Saye me my right swete sone
Saye me myne oonly sone. the ly
fe of my soule My synful confor
te. myne oonly Joye. Wherefore suf
fer ye me thus sorrowfully to aby
de after you. Saye me my swete
lorde god / Wherefore be ye soo ferre
from me. O god mercy comforte
my soule/ Beholde me/ & haue mer
cy on me/ Nold speke who speke
wyl/ holt grete was y sorrow that
thenne had the blessed moder of
Jhesu cryst/ Erelly there may no
creature saye nor thynke perfyght

ly the greetnes of the sorrowe : that
this piteuous blessed Virgynne felt
For holt be it that she knewe
well that he was very god & man
and that he shold arise agen fro de
the to lyfe the thyrde daye/ thus as
he sayd hymself/ Yet was hyr lone
soo feruent vnto hym. that made
hyr sorrowe to passe and excede all
other sorrowes that euer were /

And thenne after she had log
continued in this traueyle
and tourment with sorrow
full sighes and weepynge / thenne
came Joseph and Nicodemus
to worappe by his blessed body in a
clete cloth of sendall. and to lay it
in a fayr newe sepulchre of stone /

Thyder came thousande thou
sandes of angelles to the serpenge
of theyr lordes/ whiche songen pray
singes to almighty god/ But ma
rye his blessed moder gaf heylly sig
hes & sobbpynges. and sorrowfully
wepte by the sepulchre/ This sorrow
full moder wold haue be leryed bi
hyr sone/ And full often tymes
by constraynt of loue embraced hi m
and sayd full piteously/ **M**ise
remini mei miseremini me / saltem
vos amici mei / illu adhuc paulus
lu relinquit michi/ She sayd to
iوسف & nicodemus haue mercy on
me haue mercy on me my frendes
my frendes/ & lette me alittle beholde
his bysage sith it is ouercomer d so

soo that I maye haue some comfor
 te/and put him not thus soone in
 the sepulcre/ But yf ye wylle ne:
 des burie hym/burie me with him
 For a sorrowfull lye shall I haue
 after hym/ Thenne by the moost
 reuerend and humble wayes they
 colde they did their deuour to pre
 fise hys/ and layed his blessed bo:
 dy in the sepulcre/ full sweetly we
 pyngge all/ in such wyse that one:
 this ony of theym myghte folowe
 a right worde/ And what metueyle
 was it: They salde his precious
 moder dyspourened of all maner
 of comforte/ whyche was a grete
 encreasynge of theyr sorrowe/ And
 thus the lord of this lye was gy
 uen to the sepulcre of deth: And
 whan he was buried/his blessed
 moder drewe towarde hym enbra:
 syng the sepulture wyth al hys he
 te soo as she myghte/and callid on
 Ihesu cryst.and sayd/ Faire sone
 what shal I do that am your wret
 chyd moder/ Now myghte ye say
 thenne saye byrgyne/ Anima
 me liquefacta est/ Et dilectus locu
 tus est. quesui eum & non inueni
 illum. Vocavi et non respondit mi
 chi/

A sorrowfull soule is al des
 soluid for anguysshe of mi
 swete sone/that extendeth
 not to my wordes/ I seee hym &
 I maye not fynde hym. I speke to

hym/and he answereth me not
 Thenne came saynt Iohn/to whos
 our lord had deliuered hys in kepi:
 ge soo sore wepyng/that in no wy
 se he colde refreine hym/ Ther to
 ok he by this blessed byrgyn wepi
 ge & snobbing in sorrowes.and soo
 werped in wepyng.& so moche gre
 up & dyscomforted/that smotheres
 hys fete myghte susteyne to lye hys
 Not wythstandyng thus as she my
 ghte wyth the helpe of the holy wy
 men that were ther.they all wyth
 wepyng entred in to Iherusalem/
 many women that salde this had
 such pyte of the sorrowfull we:
 pyng of the blessed byrgyn marie
 that they colde not refreine theyr
 teares/Thy sorrowfull herte & pyte
 us demeanyng consterned many
 a hard herte to wepe & sorrow/ and
 thus was she ledde al wyth wepin
 ge vnto the hous of saynt Iohan
 bothe herself wepyng & all that we
 te wyth hys/and as many as saw
 hys So rested she & abode in his ho
 us: which honoured hys/serued hys
 & loued hys more than she had he
 his owne moder/ And whan our
 lord was buried,the ielous feald
 his sepulture/& appointed certē kni
 ghtes in harnays for to kepe it/In
 the meane tyme the blessed byrgyn
 marie edured grete sorrow in the ho
 us of saynt Iohan/For she wept
 continually without comfort/ for

there was no frende she had myght
 e ease hyr/ nor saynt John hymself
 fe. for she was allwaye in sorow &
 bytter tere. ¶ Who is soo encom:
 brid with syne/ or is somoch encō
 bryd of earthly loue/ Or who is soo
 fulfyllid of erroure/ or is soo char:
 ged wyth worldly ryche/ that ha
 the the hert soo harde/ that they can
 not haue compascōn & compūcyon
 wohan they trede or hert of the fig:
 hes & weppenges/ the sorowes & tor
 mentes that this blessed pure byr
 gyn saynt mary y ryght swete mo
 der of our lorde Ihesu cryst suffryd
 Cruely they haue the hert right
 harde & wythout mercy/ that hath
 not some compascōn of thyse pay:
 nes / And who that is wythout
 mercy & pyte. god wyll haue noo
 mercy nor pyte on hym/ yf it be not
 the greater merueyle For seldom is
 the man sau'd that is wythout a
 merciful hert/ wherof saynt bernar
 de sayth. ¶ Nemo duri cordis sa
 latem vñquā adeptus est. nisi for
 te miseratus deus abstulerat ab eo
 cor lapideū & dedit ei cor carneū
 Neuer man of harde hert purcha:
 ced not thelth of his soule. but per
 uenture the mercyable god hath be
 pleyed some tyme to take fro hym
 his hert of stone/ and gyue hym a
 tender hert of fleshe/ wherby he may
 be sau'd. ¶ Nunquid cor durum
 ipsum quod nec compassione scin

ditur. nec pietate molitur minis
 non credit/ &c.

IS not this a harde hert
 that is not meuyd by com:
 pascōn/ nor softed by pyte
 nor maketh noo force of menaces
 that can come to hym nor other/
 Nor taketh noo hede of counseyle/
 Nor to noo mannes Jugement/
 nor to shame nor dyspyng/ nor to
 noo maner pyl/ Is not this mā
 ouer folyshe in the opynions of al
 re sonable folkes/ that all thynges
 past forgetteth/ And negligently
 byth those thynges that ben now
 and taketh none hede to puruey for
 such thynges as ben for to come
 But shortly putteth all in auentu
 re/ This is a harde hert that no:
 ther dredeth god/ nor feareth tuerē
 ce to man/ And yf ye like not me
 aske Pharaon. that had the hert
 soo ouer harde /

¶ Now fair swete frend haue ye
 herte that our lorde Ihesu cryst lo
 uyd more his loue/ than euer sol
 le louyd body. For he lored her mo
 re than his lyfe/ wohan he gaaf his
 lyfe and suffryd his glourous sou
 le to departe fro his precyous body
 for the loue of hyr/ that honouryd /
 praysed and thankid be he of al cre
 atures wythout ende/

¶ The fourth grete loue that
 is in the world is betwene
 man & wyf / yet the wyf may be so

Wretchyd of hyr body/ and soo en-
 straunged to hyr husbonde/ that per-
 auenture though she wolde retorn
 to hym again/ she wolde not receyue
 hyr/ And this hath he ofte preyed
 but the loue of our lord Ihesu crist
 passith all beyonde this loue/ For
 neuer was the soule of his loue a
 companied wyth soo many synnes
 nor soo often in a voutre/ or other
 synnes/ but yf she wolde retourne to
 to hym agayn/ she wolde gladly re-
 ceyue hyr wyth grete Joye/ Where-
 fore allway he is honoured & than-
 kyd. for he is euer redy to theym y
 wyll leue the fende & come to hym
 As hymself sayth by Jeremie the
 prophete **C** Si dimiserit vir by-
 orem suam/ & c. tu autem fornicata
 es cum amatoribus tuis reuertere ad
 me dicit dñs/ Yf a man leuith his
 wyfe for ony synne/ it maye wel be
 for it befalleth of ten. But ye sayre
 loue/ though ye haue offended in
 dedely synnes innumerable. yet leue
 not therfore to retorne to me / and
 I shal receyue you full whet y & be
 myghty/ And what dooth more
 yet this amorous synng. vha his
 loue is turned from hym/ he gooth
 folowynge & cypenge after hyr/ ly-
 ke as it is wryten in the booke of lo-
 ue **C** Reuertere reuertere suauitatis/
 reuertere reuertere ut intui-
 amur te.

C Retorne ye. retorne ye to me ye
 wretchyd soules/ Retorne ye to the

entente that I maye defende you &
 kepe you from your enemyes / that
 wyll confounde you. And saynte
 austin sayth that our lord sprythy
 this to the synfull soule /

C Caput meum spiritibus tenui/ma-
 nus meas clauis obiecti/ lancea la-
 tus aperui sanguinem meum fudi
 ut michi coniungerem te. et tu di-
 uidis te a me. et uideris. My hede &
 face I helde agaynst the folde spy-
 tynges/ my bondes I spradd agay-
 nes harde naples/ I openyd my sy-
 de agaynes the spere / my precious
 blood I shedde to Joyne you to me/
 And wolde ye thenne thus depart
 fro me/ Ye oughte full grete to be
 ashamed / A good lord mercy
 what is this/ that he seekith the sin-
 full soule soo ententfly/ and cal-
 lith hir soo often/ like as it is wry-
 ten in the booke of loue **C** En ipse
 erat post parietem nostrum prospici-
 ens per cancellos /

Behold how Ihesu Cryste
 was behynde y walke wat-
 chynge and beholdynge In
 ward by the creuettes yf she wolde
 in ony wyse retorne to hym/ And
 in the apocalips is sayd/ Ecce ego
 sto ad ostium & pulso/ et si quis ap-
 paruerit michi intrabo ad eum & c.
 See how I am at the dore & knoc-
 ke & make noyse/ & who y cometh
 to open his dore I shall entre in
 wyth hym to his comforte As it
 is sayd in the gospel/

Omnes qui laborati et ornati
 estis / Venite ad me et ego reficiam
 vos / O all ye that ben trauepelled
 in the seruyse of the fende & char-
 ged wpyth synne. come to me and I
 shall refresshe you & comforte you.
 And what doth he yf he seeth you
 comyng towarde hym to crye hym
 mercy / It is wroten in the gospel.
Occurrens prodigo cecidit sup
 collu eius osculatus qz est eu / & c.
 Whan he seeth the folowr comynge
 towarde him / he spredith his armes
 to clippe hir & kysse hir. and ma-
 keth gretter Joy of hir than of ma-
 ny othyr that were wpyth hym al-
 way / as hymself sayth. **D**ico
 vobis quod ita gaudiu est in celo
 super vno peccatore penitencia agen-
 te / qua super nonaginta nouez ius-
 tis qui non indigent penitencia.
 I saie you surely that gretter Joy
 is there in heuen of one oonly syn-
 nar doyng his penaunce / than of
 nynty & nyne rightfull. that neuer
 had neede to doo penaunce / And yet
 here a gretter merueyle of the loue
 of Ihesu cryst / For though his lo-
 ue maketh soules be neuer somoch
 fowlyd wpyth dedely synne / yet assoit
 as she comith to him he makith her
 as cleane as she was tofore the sin-
 ne. & as ryche of all weles / as sa-
 ynt austyn sayth / **E**xant sicut
 fuerat antequa peccata eos / They
 shal be as cleane & riche of good

werkes / & restablisshid in virgini-
 te of the soule / & yf ye wyl haue an
 ensaple how this may be ye may se
 re by this. All the synes that is or
 euyl was may not be doo but in thre
 maners / That is to knowe in tho-
 ught / in word / or in werke. Now
 shold not this be one of the grettest
 synes yf a man myght doo in thoug-
 ht / to thynke & desire to destroy al ho-
 ly chyrche / truly this same was yf
 thought & desire of saynt poul: as
 it is wroten in actis apploz Sau-
 lus adhuc spiras. & c. Saul began
 furiously to enforce him to y destruc-
 con of al cristyndo wpyth menaces
 & letynge / & wot to archbysshops
 & to pryncipal masters of the iel-
 es / & gave letters of the to take all
 cryste me that he might fynde wher
 so euer he cam / & brynge them bound
 and put them in pryson
 And in his chiefe auctorite & ma-
 lyce was he conuerted to our lord /
 And is now a hye saynt glorify-
 ed in heuen wpyth saynt Johan e-
 uangelist / and othyr that were of
 pure and prysyght lyfe. Also the
 grettest synne that man myght doo
 wpyth word. shold be to renge our
 lord / & saynt peter renge hit thre ti-
 mes in one nyght. & whan he had
 thus done / he took right hertly re-
 penaunce /
Exiuit petrus foras et fle-
 uit amare /

He went oute and wepte full hertly
 and sorowd. cryed god mercy/
 And now is he senescall of he
 uen. And the moost folowynge synne
 of the body is the vyll synne of the
 flesche. And men wolde say that he
 or she shold be the gretest synner of
 the worlde that had accompanied
 them/ not oonly moost comunely
 wyth man. but also wyth fendes.
 And marke maldeleyn had them
 wythin hye/ whiche is now the de
 re loue of our lorde Ihu Cryst/ as
 sayth saynt gregorye. ¶ Maria
 septem demonia habuit/ qui vniu
 fis viciis plena fuit/ Mary had se
 uen fendes wythin hye/ 3y whiche
 she was fulfyllid wyth all maner
 of vyces. But for all those euill
 vyces she made a resonable amende
 ment/as saynt gregorye sayth /
 ¶ Quotquot in se habuit delecta
 menta. tot de se inuenit holocausta
 ¶ As many delictes as she had in hye
 of synnes/ soo many sacrefyses di
 de she vpon hyrself/ for amendes of
 hyr offences.

Now retorne we to this gre
 te loue that our lorde hathe
 shewed vs. Wherof he sayth
 yet by Zacharye. ¶ Zelatus su
 ypon zelo magno/ I am Jelous o
 uer mannes soule wyth a grete Je
 lousie/ As he saith in exodi ¶ E
 go su deus zelotes/ I am god the
 Jelous / And not alonly was he

Jelous of the gode. but to make pe
 as wyth theuyl/as dauid sayth
 ¶ Zelani sup iniquos pace peccō
 ru videns/ I haue desired by grete
 Jelousie to haue pces wyth euyl fol
 lies/ soo sayth he to saynt peter in y
 saluter. ¶ Gaudere me fecit zel9
 me9/ My Jelousie hath caused me
 to suffre de the/ & yet myne enemyes
 haue forgoten my wordes. so that
 they wyll in noo wyse graunt me
 theyr loue for al that I haue do for
 them. And yet agayn sayth our
 lorde Ihu cryst pe shalle not escape
 me/ but that pe shal graunt me you
 re loue/ I aske pe whether it be to be
 gyven/ or to be solde/ or to be taken
 wyth force/ Vt it be to be gyven. to
 whom may pe better giue it than to
 me that passe all me that enter wer
 & am fayrest of all othe. He is soo
 fayr yf a man were in hell & mig
 hte see his visage & beaute of his
 diuynyte/ he shold fele nother harm
 ne payn/ And therfor sayth he whe
 re may pe better set your loue than
 on me/ Am not I the kyng of alle
 kyngis/ am I not more fayr than
 othe/ nor am I not of more hie lig
 nage than any pryncer. Am I not
 more wyse than all othe/ & am I
 not of al folke moost curtyse/ & of
 al thyng most large & free/ & am I
 not of alle othe the moost swete &
 delectable. Therne is there none
 excuse/ yth that pe maye fynde

in me all the causes of reason/Wher
re for man shold reue his loue/and
namely yf ye haue clenness & cha
styte/For none maye loue a right
but they be clene fro dedely synne:

I Nollo and ye will not gyue yo
ur loue. I wyll bryt it/wyll ye selle
it for mi loue/or for any other thin
ge/It is moost resonable marchan
dyse. loue for loue/ And yf it be to
selle for that pryce/ I haue trulye to
ughte it wyth a nother loue/And
that loue that I haue shewed you
passeth all the louses of the world
And though they were al togider
yet is it gretter And yf ye say
that ye wyll not gyue it me so go
od chepe/name shold moche ye wyll
haue And ye can not name somo
che but I wyll gyue you asmoche.

I Wyll ye castles/wyll ye rea
mes/Or wyll ye aske al the worl
de/ Yet shall I make you a better
couenaunt/ giue me your loue and
I shall crowne you in heuen/ & ma
ke you seuen tymes more clere the
ne is the sonne/ Nor neyther harme
shall tolde you: nor neyther thynge
shal greue you/ nor noo wele shal
fayle you/ But all your wyll shal
be doon in heuen in erth and in helle

I For neuer manys wytt may
deuise/ nor heret thynke the Joye &
the glorie that I wyll gyue you
for your loue wythoute any com
paryson. wythoute any rekenyng

and wythoute any ende more & mo
re. And moche more wyth all the
gladnes of Este. al the fraute of
absolon. as often as he dyde clip ye
his hede/ he myght selle the hede that
was kytted of for in CC scils of
siluer. The wyftnes of Asaell y
wold stryue wyth the hertes in re
nyng. The strength of Sampson
that slew at one tyme a thousand
men in batayle/ The largeness of
cezar/ The renomme of alexandre
the holynesse of moyses/ But good
lorde mercy wold not a man gyue
all worldly goodes for one of thy
se graces/ And all thise togider in
comparyson of the soule is as noo
thynge. Wherfore yf ye be soo enta
ged & so frowarde that ye refuse so
grette agayn as I offre you/ Ther
take hede to the thyng that I wyll
haue it by force/or at your peryll/
For I holde redy the swerde of crus
ell Bengauice oute you to slee yow
wyth cruell deth. and departe body
& soule/ and put them to perycon
& to confounde them both in helle. for
to be tormetted wyth fendes scow
fully anguysshously & contynuelly
wythoute ede. Answer nollo yf ye
wyll defende you agaynst me yf ye
can or maye/ or els graunt me your
loue y I desire wyth so grette Jelou
sie & with so feruent hert/ & not for
my wele but for yours/ Nollo take
good hede to thise wordes of Ihesu
crist/ Is not sk of ouer harde

herke that to such a sauyour wylle
 not graunt hyr loue. **¶** If she reme:
 berd wel thys three thynges/ what
 he is/ and how grete is the loue of
 soo hye a lorde as he is. and soo hye
 he is so simple as she is. she shold
 doo hir deuour to loue hym/ though
 she shold a hundred tymes suffer de
 the for the loue of hym/ wherof sa:
 ynt bernarde sayth/ **¶** Quomodo e
 istud sine modo a nobis deus ama
 ri meruit qui prior nos dilexit tan
 tus. & tantu gratis/ tantillo & ta
 les miseros /

In what manere is this &
 above al maner that can be
 deuyd by al erthly wytes
 that our lorde Ihesu cryst deseruyd
 to be helouyd/ for that he louyd vs
 fyrst/ & loueth vs somoch wythou
 t our deserit which is soo simple
 & such wretchedes as we ben/ And
 as sadnt bernarde sayth/ **¶** Omne
 tempus in quo de deo non cogitas
 hoc te perdidisse computa/ All the
 tyme in which ye thynke not on
 god/ when it is lost. For therfore
 he we called crysten. to serue cryste
 and to remember of his sorrowful
 paynes that he suffryd for our lo:
 ue/ And surely yf we wyll not of
 ten thynke on his paynes/ we shal
 receyue ouer greuous vengauce
 And to vs shall be rekenyd the de
 the of our lorde Ihesu cryst/ wherof
 saynt bernarde pleyneyth him in say

enge/ **¶** Quamdiu Vivere ero me
 mor laboris que cristus sustinuit
 in predicando/ fatigacionu in dis:
 currendo temptationu in ieiunari
 do/ Vigiliari in orando/ lacrimari
 in compaciendo. & c. As longe as
 I shal be in this lif I shall remem
 ber me full pytously of the greuo
 us labours that our lorde Ihu cris
 te suffryd in prechynge. and of the
 weyrynesse in his goopyng aboute.
 & of his temptacions/ in fastynge
 of his watche in prayre/ and of the
 teares that he wept by compassion
 I shall remember also his sorow
 es/ & his dyspysng with shamful
 spittynge. and the harde strokes
 that they layd vpon hym/ & the se:
 lon repentes that he suffryd. And
 the grete nayles/ and al thysse other
 passions that he suffryd for me/
¶ And yf I doo it not/ there shall
 be cast on me to my confusion the
 Innocent blood that Ihesu cryst shed
 vpon the erthe for me. Doo we
 thenne/ doo we bi the counseyle of sa
 ynt bernarde/ and by the counseyle
 of kyngge dauid/ that sayth in the
 saluter **¶** Sepcies in die laudem
 dixi tibi/ Saye lorde god seven ty
 mes in the day I yelde to the than:
 kynges & praynges for our bene
 factours & benefaytes / And for
 this reason ben vii houres of the
 of the day comaunded to say in so
 ly chyrche. in remembraunce of the

pascyon of our lorde Ihesu cryst.
 For this that at euery houre suf-
 ferd he soo moche shame. This viij
 houres ben calld/compline. maty-
 nes/pryme. tpetce. myddy/ noone.
 & Vespers. Whan ye say or hee co-
 pline. thynke full ententfly holde
 at that our Judas betraped hym &
 solde hym for xxx. pennis/ soo good
 chepe was neuer seen solde nor to-
 ught soo delicyous & precyous fles-
 she / And well maye this tyme be
 callid complyne for this that oure
 lorde wolde soone after passe from
 this paynful lyf / The which deeth
 was purposed of the felon Jewes
 that he shold not escape / For it was
 of hym / as of a man condemned
 to depe for theft / and is deliuered to
 his excecucion / of whom men sayen
 though he be yet liuyng. he is as a
 dede man / for cause he is Iuged to
 the deeth / This thefte wherfore Ihe-
 su cryst was condempnd / was not
 for golde nor siluer / but for an ap-
 ple that was full bytter / as we ha-
 ue harde that adam stode in paradi-
 ce / wher he dyde sacrilage / wherby
 he was acursid oute of holy churche
 payned in this mortall lyf sowth-
 fully ix C petres & more / tormetted
 in hungre & thurst in grete laboure
 & angursshe / and sith dyed of righ-
 te paynfull deeth / And his soule de-
 cended vnto the horrible paynes of
 helk / and lay there bounde in prison

& derlinesse / C petres & more / soo
 that he & al his lignage that dyed
 wente thider to the tyme that our
 lorde Ihesus cryst shedde his precy-
 ous blood on the holy crosse /

This ought ye to thynke whā
 ye say or hee complin / & ha-
 ue full grete feare of our lor-
 de / whom ye haue soo often offens-
 ed. Whan he took so grete & greuo-
 us vengauce of adam that he had
 made wyth his olone hondes for o-
 ne apple, that was of noo value y-
 he took agaynst his comaundemē-
 te. And therefore at that hour yelde
 he culpable to god withyn our he-
 res / and to the prest with our mo-
 uth / And yf ye maye thence haue
 in mynde al that ye haue doon that
 oay apenset the commaundement of
 god / of al that ye haue euyl spokē
 wyth your mouth / and wyth your
 epen euyl beholden & ofte. & of all y-
 we can thynke that daye we haue
 doon agaynst the wyll of our crea-
 tour / and deuoutly requyre merci &
 pardon / And this hour was con-
 cluded felonously the deeth of Ihu
 cryst for our synnes / And haue
 very hope that we shal haue this y-
 we desire / yf we repent ourself tru-
 ly. and be well confessed. so that ou-
 re avynge be resonable / For this
 sayth our lorde in the gospel /

C Petre et accipietis /

Requyre and ye shall receyue after this complayne/ He sayd to his three dyscyples full pytous ly/say: brethren abyde and wake hre wyple I make my prayers to my fader. Thenne fylle he wolue to the erthe / and prayed thre tymes his fader that yf it myght be his passion were put from hym: And thenne appered an angel to hym & comforted him/ Woz: of ye ought to thynke/ that as longe as he was in his prayer/ he sweet dropes of blood/ In the meane tyme slepte his dyscyples/ but hym self had noo wyll to slepe/ to the tyme that he deped on the crosse/ and theie rested he in the sepulture vnto the dape of his Resurreccion/ & thenne awaketh he thus as a man sleppng hastily awaketh thus/ soone & sooner awaketh he fro deth. Woz: of dauid the prophete sayth /

Excitatus est tanquam dormiens dñs. At matynes yelde we thankynge to our lord Ihesu crist and specially in the nyght/ for this that at such hour was he for to be taken wythin a gardyne by the treyson of Judas his dysciple. After torme:ed & dyspoyllid. beten: bo: uffeted/ and falsly accused / And wyth thre folde spetylly foppled/ of all his dyscyples left / & of his appostles refusid for thre lord / & all this nyght & playnously & cru

elly wythoute ony mercy draibben wyth paynfull torment These we re his matynes of hard lessons/ **W**ho thise thynges truly byle: useth/ vnderstoneth. and hath in remembraunce by holy deuocō/ & yeldeth thankynge to him that this suffryd/ he singeth his matynes spirituelly. At matynes whan we ryse & thynke to say matynes/ Or whan we hre other say thepm. or yf we lye in our beddes wakynge a houte mydnyght/ we may thynke & take ensample of the grete passion of Ihu crist/ and hold mekely he suffryd at that hour of the nyght / yf we be in ony trybulacyon or aduersitee cyther bodely or goostly the remembraunce of his meke suffraunce. thenne shold he to be grete comfort. And at the hour of prime shold we yelde thankynge to our lord/ for at that houre was he shamfully bounde as a theef. & brought to the court before pylate/ and deliuerde him to be Juge: At that hour brought Judas again to the court the xxx. pēns that he had receiued for his grete treison/ and incontynēt hyng hymselfe for sorow & dyspyre/ And at that same houre was our lord accused to pylate of thre thynges/ First sayd they ful falsly/ that he had defended that noo man shold paye noo tribute to Cesar of his earthly reame/ for as

yd not he to the pple/that he wold
he theyr kyng erthly/But he sayd
that his owne reame was not tē:
porall/ But perpetuell that neuer
shall haue ende. And after they ac
cused hym that he shold say/ & that
was twofold that he was the very
sone of god/ And at this hour
was he sent by pilate to herode wher
he wold not speke one worde.
Wherfore they helde him for a folk &
out of his wytt/ And made him
to be clothed in whyte as a foolke, &
so sent hym agayne to pylate/and
after that was herode & pylate acor
ded that had he longe before at deba
te/ At the hour of thyrce yelde we
thankynges to our lord Ihesu cry
ste. For at that hour cried the iel
wes agens hym. Crucifie him cru
cifye hym/ At that hour was he
put out as a theef/ Whyles that the
yeldes the sentence of his pardicōn
& yaf his Iugement/ At this hour
sent pylates wyf to hir husbonde/ y
he shold medle nomore wyth Ihes
u cryst/ And this was by the en
tyfinge of the fendes/ that by a wo
man put vs all to dampnacōn, &
by a woman wold haue dystour
ned our redempcōn/ Wemyng to ha
ue ouerthrowen vs in perdurable
perdpcōn/ But by the swete byrni
ng mary god sent our saluacōn/ so
that the felons myghte not folow
the fendes presumpcōn/ At thys

hour wyfsh pylate his bondes/ and
wold noo more entremente wyth
Ihesu cryst. By this went he to
haue made hym clene. that he shold
not haue he gylty therof/ At this
same hour was our lord bounde to
the pple all naked. And was soo
log betwixt wyth scourges/ y there was
noo place of his body/ But it was
paynfully bledyng from his hede
vnto his fete/ His flessh was alle
stepned wyth his precious blood
And soo largeli the blood ranse ou
te of his tender body that longe ty
me after aperyd it on the pple wher
to he was bounde & beten/ At this
hour they clothed him in a mantel
of purple. And at this hour they
put a crowne of thornes vpon his
hede painfully pricking hym/ and
deliuerd hym a reed in his hande as
a grete staffe/ and sith lynelng in
scorne salued hym sayeng/ Heyle
kyng of Iewes. and ther wyth ga
ue hym a grete stoke vpon the fa
ce. And when they had thus moc
kyd hym & beten hym/ they took of
his mantell of purple/ and clothed
hym in his owne clothes agayne
& ledde hym forth to the mount of
caluarie. And made hym beere his
owne crosse wheron he shold crye.
At that hour came his blessed mo
der wyth other wymmen folowyn
ge after hym ful piteously wepin
ge/ Also these shames and many

mo paynes suffryd he felt bene tho
ur of tperce & myddp for our wret
chyd soules/

At the houre of myddp yeloe
we thankynges to our lord
of ihesu crist/ For at that ho
ur spredde he his swete body vpon
the crosse/and his hondes & fete we
re fastnyd wyth thre grete nayles
This crosse was made of iij ma
ner of wodes/ The wode that wen
te the length of the crosse was of
fydr/ the tree that wet ouerthwart
was of appultree/and the tabyl a
boue wherin was worten in ebrewe
in grewe/ & in latyne/ **I**hesus
nazarenus rex iudeoru. that was
of olif That same vnderneath that
bare & susteyned all the remenaunt
was of fyres/ At that houre requi
red our lord ihesu cryst his fader
right pytously to pardon those for
mentours his deth/ for all the pay
nes that they dyde him. At that ho
ur dryded they his ouergarmente
but his coot alode all hole/ At that
houe mockid they hym that passed
by the wyge. At that same houre
promysed he to the theef paradys:
And that same houre deliuerde he
his dere moder to saynt John euā:
gelist in keepyng/ And from that
same houre becam the soke derke vñ
to hye none. and lost his vertue &
eternesse/ At the houre of none yel:
de we thankynges to our lord/ for

at y houre he cryed a grete crye vpon
the crosse/ where as he heng & said in
ebrewe/ **E**looy heloy lamazaba
tani/ My god my god wherfore ha
ue ye left me & forsaken me. This
said he not for this that he was lef
te of his fader/ for that is not to be
blyued/ but for that he was left at
this houre of all the world: sauf of
his moder & one oonly theef that
in his grete payn blyued on hym
At this houre pleynd him the
same that was well & spryng of
lyf/ that he had thurst. & thei cffrid
hym cyfel & galle/ to thentent that
he sholde dry more soner. but he wol
de not drynke therof / after that he
had tasted it/ And thene was don
alle that was to be don before his
deth/ & thene was al accomplisshed
that a thousande yere before was
of his passion/ spoken by the holy
goost & sayd in prophete /
Wherof our lord ihu cryst hymself
sayd at this houre/ **C**onsumatu
est/ This is to saye/ it is fulfyllid
And thene sayd he all in cryenge/
En manus tuas dñe comendo
spm meū/ And yelid his spirite &
dryed y same that vs penyth & sus
teineth our lyf/ at this same houre
cloue the harde stones/ therth & the
montayns/ And the sepulchres of
dred bodies opened/ The Beyle of y
temple claf in the myddes / And
for these merueyles & many othe

that befell at that tyme. Centurio
and al other that kept that blessed
body that henge there on the crosse
dredde theym sayeng. This is tru
li the sone of god. At y same hour
brake they the thies of the tbo the
ues that henge on eche side of oure
lorde Ihesu cryst. And at that hou
re a blynde knyght wpyth a sharpe
sperre percyd hym thurgh his tender
fleshe & side vnto the hert. to know
yf he were perpyghly dede. And the
ne raue from his herte blood & wa
ter/for to wasshe vs from the fylth
of synne. And of that blood raue
downe by the sperre to the honde of
longeus. wherwpyth he wpped his
eyen. and forth wpyth receyued his
sight. And that hour was saynt
Johan & all his other disciples &
frendes departed from hym. sauf y
tender virgyn mary his sorrowful
moder/that abode there allone amo
ge the dede theues wpyth the blessed
body of hir sone. At the hour of e
uensonge yelde we thankynges to
our lorde for at this hour came Jo
seph abaromathye & nyechodemus y
often had lodged our lorde/ & was
not consentig to his deth. and had
goten leue of pylate to take down
the body of Ihus/and soo he & Ny
chodemus dyde. And anoynted it
wpyth myrrour. And wrapped it in a
fayr cleene clothe/and laped it in y
sepulchre. And also at that hour his

moder /and his o thez frendes that
thenne were returned made full so
wollfull compleynt for hym. And
after that as some sape was Jo
seph abaromathye taken & put in
pryson by the Jewes. And the thir
de day made our lorde his resurrey
con. after his ppytous & paynfull
deth that he suffryd for vs synners
Wherof he behonoured & thankyd
wpythout ende. And for this that
we haue ofte & many tymes offen
ded apyst that grete loue that he ha
the shewed vs. & dayly sheweth vs
we ought deuoutly to pray & serue
him/not oonly seven tymes of the
dape/but fro the begynnyng of ou
re lyp vnto the ende. to prayse hym
to glorifye his name/ & his passy
on to remembre. And thus sayth
dauid. **¶** Solis ortu vsqz ad oc
casu laudabile nomen dñi. Amen.

¶ Here endeth the lamentacon
of our lady/whiche she had in y
passion of our sauour/

¶ Here begynneth a treatyse mo
che prouffitable for reformatiō of
soules defyled wpyth ony of the vñ
derly synnes/

O his rist dre sus
ter salute & helthe of
soule & of body in hi.
that is true sauour
In whom is allwaye
charite. pacence & cha stite. Whyp
pe in trowth defendeth vs fro euyl
f ij

wooping and meynth vs to the holy
trinite/this he graunt vs by his ho
ly ppe/the swete ihesus cryste/of
whom as moche more as man vn
derstoneth & sayth of his meruey
lous godenes/soo moche more lou
eth he & hath Joye in him. for spy
rituell Joye comyth of the loue of
our lord the right swete ihesus /
And the very signe of loue is to
thynke often on hym. Wherefore re
membere you oft of the humilite of
his Incarnacōn/of y goodnes of
his conuersacōn/ & of the charpce
of his passion: And who well re
membere thys may fynde sure me
dyccyne apenst euery dedly synne &
temptacōn/ fyrst who that enter
deth to be proude/ let thynke hym of
the grete humilite of our lord ih
esu cryst. Whiche is soo grete that he
uen & erthe maye not comprehend
hym/ And by his mekenes list to
close him wythin the wombe of a
maye. Thus was the sone of god
ensample of humilite & medycyne
of pryde/as saynt austyn sayth /
for he hath shewed to vs mekenes
in alle his werkes/ For he wolde
haue an humble moder the blessed
Marye marpe/ & an humble holse
where he was borne/ Whiche was
callyd a dyuerforpe & soo humble a
fende/as the manger for bestes
And when he came to the age of
xj. yere/by his mekenes he was o

bedpent to Joseph & to his blessed
moder as it is shewed in y gospel
& when he came to more age he cho
os meke perzons/as saynt peter &
saynt andrew/poor meke fischers
wyth other such to be in his com
pany.in token that what man or
woman that wolde be wyth him in
his prouderable Joye/it becoueth he
to be humble/& meke as saynt austi
sayth By the humilite of ihu cri
ste ye may come to the Joye prou
derable/ For in asmoche as ihu cri
ste is kyng of that countree whether
we entende to goo/ And for asmo
che as he is man:he is sure waye
whereby we shall goo/for he is our
exaple/soo as he saith in the gospel
I haue giuen you ensample of hu
milite/ Now may the proude folke
vnderstonde that they may goo by
none other way but by ihu cryste
this is by the waye of mekenesse/
¶ For as saynt James sayth .
For god resisteth to the hie & prou
de folkes. & to the humble he gyueth
his grace/ They be humble that can
marke ther owne proper defaltes
& holde theymsel for folkes & wort
ches . For the more they dispryse
theymsel/the more largely shalle
they haue y grace of our lord. where
for it is sayd in scripture/ The
gutter that ye be in auctoryte: the
more humble shold ye be in your herte
in word/& in werke/ And thence

shal ye finde grace at our lord/ & af-
ter the Joye without ende. Which
Be graunte the *Wete* Ihucrist that
somoch lounth humilitie /

Apenst the synne of Enuye

Who sholde reioyce the harte
of other/ or be sorow of y^e we
le of other/as enuyous fol-
ke done/ yf they beholde bi the eye of
ferme fayth/ how grete charyte the
Wete Ihu Be y^e god & man shewed
Be/ not for his welk/ But for y^e we
le of other/ Whan he soo dere lough-
te Be from thinfurnal pryson/ whi-
che was wyth noo litell raunson:
Whan he gaaf hymself for our sal-
uacyon/ and all this made charyte
For he reioysseth the welk of other
And the sorow of other was mo-
re paynful to hym than his owne
Whiche shewed well by his moost
pytous & paynfull deeth that euer
man suffred in erth. for the releef
& comforte of other. This charyte
was the gyfte that he lefte wyth
his discyples at his departynge. as
he saith in the gospel/ *By* this shal
all folkes knowe yf ye ben truly
my discyples/ for thene shal ye ha-
ue truly charite/ & loue among you

Nowe dere suster remember well
What markie he setteth vponal his
Wherfore yf ye wyl be one of his
ye must be of that markie/as wol-
de our lord I were one of the leest
of them/ For god is ordener of lo-

ue/ And in loue restyth hymselfe
soo as saynt John sayth. **D**e-
us caritas est. &c. Now take gode
be by thys ensamples that he soo
open shew good a thyng is humi-
lite of herte wyth true loue of Ihu-
crist/ For there is noo thyng vn-
der heuen that he loueth somoch/ &
yf ye haue that ye shall haue alle
welkes and god hymself. And yf
ye sayle that ye shall sayle all that
may torne to your welk/ and as sa-
ynt paul sayth/ Knowe ye not wel
that wher many folkes syghet to
gyde in grete oostes. that thoo y^e
holde them ferme togyde may not
lightly be dyscomfyted in noo wise
And soo is it of the spirituell ba-
tall agaynst the fende. for he wyth
all his force to dyscure & departe
our hertes/ and to take fro Be true
loue & charyte/ And as sone as the
hertes ben thereto departed/ the fen-
de entereth & sleeth on euer partye
For wher a man gooth alone in
a cumbrous waye and stumblith
comunely he falleth/ But and the-
re were many togyde/ euer one
myght helpe other. For yf one
stumblith/ a nother is redy to holde
hym vpp or he falle/. And yf one
of them wepe very. his felawe
wyl helpe to lede hym.

This temptacon is stumbling
that makyth many to falle in the
myre of synne: yf he

be not sustained by other with true
 charity/and so sayth saynt grego-
 ry. By these ensamples appereth
 it thenne/that who that is bounde
 with other in true charity/ & lone
 hath a mighty helpe agens tēpta-
 cōn/ And who that is bounde by
 hatred sone synnith & ouerthrow-
 eth/ Beholde wel these folow moche
 is worth the alpaunce of true cha-
 rity & lone/that al good & godenes
 holdeth togder/so that none may
 perishe that hath that/ Moch lo-
 ueth vs our swete lord Ihus/and
 clappeth of vs none other rewar-
 de/But to loue him agayn/and this
 sholde noo man denye/for alway he
 maye fynde mater ynough in his
 lerte. yf he enserche well/ In good
 hour are they born that can loue hi
 aright. Whych almighty god gra-
 unt vs soo to doo by his holy ppe.

Who shold be impacient with
 ony thyng/or here wrath
 in his lerte/that beholdeth y
 pacence that our swete lord Ihu
 cryst had in al his lye/ There de-
 es ben there in pacence. The fyrst
 is hie. that is when ye suffre hu-
 bly for your owne gylti/ The secon-
 de more hie/ yf ye suffre humbly
 without your desert/ The thyrde is
 best and moost high / yf ye suffre
 payne humbly for your good dede.

For though we suffre harme
 for our desert/ we maye not wyth

fight complayne vs/ Now full
 unhappi and vnloose were he that
 wolde rather chose to be felowe
 of Judas/ than the felowe of Ihu
 cryst/ and yet bothe two were han-
 ged on the tre. Judas for his de-
 sert/ And Ihu without desert
 For his grette bounte was cruelly
 hanged on the crosse/ By this may
 ye take ensample that what man
 that wrongeth you or hurteth you
 in worde or dede is your lighte It
 giveth you clernes. and taketh fro
 you the clothe of synne/ But is
 not this euill that man turneth to
 darkness / this that shold be his ly-
 ght/ so that it maketh hym moche
 more derke/as when a man hathe
 tribulacion or aduersite & taketh
 it impaciently / he dooth agens na-
 ture and as euill metall/ For that
 thyng derketh him that of his na-
 ture shold gyue hym lighte & cler-
 nes. Wherfore my dre suster thyn-
 ke on the pacence of Ihu/ & of the
 Remedyes agens wrath/ That o-
 ne remedye is to answerelona-
 ly to the angry. For Salamon sa-
 yth/ sayre answereth re-
 The seconde is scyence/ when mo-
 ut is styll the fyre quencheth/ and
 the hie aswageth/ thenne ben they
 styll fro chydynge/ And therefore
 saith saint poule to the Irous folke
 holde your peas. & speke not to the
 wrathful/ The thyrde is to beholde

to our olone proper defaultes/ for a
man in that is more apte to percei
ue y falotes of other than of him
selfe/ And salamon sayth the pou
er man that hath default of godes
he is mesurable to other/ this is to
saye/ a man that percepueth hym
self disposed to wrath/ & felith in hi
many defaultes of ipacpēce/ he for
bereth & suffereth moche more othe
r wyth greater pacpēce/ But he y can
perceue noo default in hymselfe
lighly is worthy wyth other: The
fourth is to behold in what
condpcon the wrathfull is/ for the
wyse man callith wrath a lityl wo
odnes And thenne a man that is
worthy semyth as oute of his wit
te/ & to a madde man is folp to an
swer/ For the Iuous man that is
redy to saye euill & curse may vn
neth suffer ony man or woman to
be in the hous in rest wyth hym/ he
makyth soo moche chidinge. Wher
of the gospel sayth vj. M. fendes
vj. C. lx. & vj. were entred by that
spie in to one man/ & neuer one of
them departed from other/ for this
the wrathfull hath the cursinge of
our lorde and the peassible & pacpen
te of meke hert hath his blessinge
Wherof he sayth in the gospel/ ble
ssyd be the peassible/ for they shall be
callid the chyldern of god: And to
the contrary/ vnhappy be they wra
thfull/ for they shall be callid the

chyldern of the fende/ Wherfore go
od suffer remembre often the pacp
ence of Ihesu cryst/ & of all his ble
ssyd apostles. martres. confessours
& Virgynes/ how grete anguysshe &
payne they suffryd wyth pacience
for to haue the Joye prdurable.
Wherof sayth saynt poul/ by mani
trybulacions. he shoueth vs to entce
into the rygne of god: Now take
good heed how those that ben pacp
ent. peassible/ & desonayr ben well by
loued wyth the swete Ihesu. Now
ye know well whan dere frendes
departe asondre/ the last wordes y
they speke at theyr departyng is be
ste remembred: And amonge the
last wordes that our lorde sayd
whan he ascended to heuen/ & left
his dere frendes in a strange coun
tre were of swetnes & of peas/ for
thus sayd he to them/ peas be amo
ge you/ my peas geue I to you/
This peas graunt vs Jhu cryste
by paepence in herte/ In mekenesse
by wordes/ And in dede by desona
pitye.

Who is it y by slouth sholde
leue to lerne. or to labour to
doo wel. that beholde by true
sayth how Ihesu cryst was in er
the. in gooyng. in prechynge/ and
in all well dooyng/

After all this beholde how
in the ende of his lyfe he was tra
uelled/ whanne he

prayed soo that wyth his swete
ranne from hym droppes of blood
reynng down on his blessed body to
the/ And after he holde whan he
was at the pylle. holl sowdofullp
he was scourged of the felon Jewes
not oonly on his legges but ouer
all his fayr body/ And at the last
Beholde holl he vpon the harde cros/
se was sore trauepelled the dape of
his ketyng blood. Where other fol
lies take rest & eschewe the light/ &
here theym cloos in theyr chalers
whan they sen lete blood of ony be
ne/ But our blessed lord Ihesu cri
ste went vpon the mount of calua
rie/ & yet more on the crosse/ & was
lete blood in, & places wyth woun
des large & depe & in the beynes ca
pytall/ for he was lete blood in his
hede & in many places/ Than who
by the eye of true sayth beholde wel
this traueple of Ihesu cryst wolde
Ioyefullp traueple for his loue/ &
neuer wolde he yole. soo as sayth
saynt Iherom/ For bi slouth co
mynth many cupples/ and therfore
sayth an holy fader/ Doo allwaie
well that ye be not founde Jole of
the fende. wherby he may tepte you
A nother medecyne apensl spiry
tuell slouth is in the loper comfor
to of euerlastyng Ioye. And this
may a man haue by holy medytaci
on of the passion of the swete Ihe
su cryst & of his Ioye of heuen.

¶ And these medytacōns comen
ofte by good lessons/ herde of other
folke. or by redyng theymself that
makyth man & woman firmly to
trust in god. and for noo synne to
be in dyspayre of his mercy/ for thys
sayth saynt Bernard/ I haue syn
ned greatly wherwyth my conscy
ence is twobledid/ but for this I dys
payre not for I shall thynke of the
woundes of our lord that he suf
fryd for synners. And thenne can
I not be afraied for noo synne that
I haue done in tyme past. But that
I shall be sauid/ yf I haue grace to
come wyth repentaunce to the mer
cy of our lord. A nother reme
die there is apensl slouth/ & apensl
euery cupll. and a mene to purcha
ce euery wele/ This is oryson/ and
therfore the fende dredeyth moche y
charitable prayer/ for this cause y
prayer entreteth somoche in the court
of ihesu cryst apensl the fende that
it doth two thigis/ It byndeth hym
& breenneth hym/ We rede that a ho
ly man was in his prayers/ & the
fende came fflyng ouer hym in the
eyre/ & sholde passe towarde the occy
dent. by the commaundement of Juli
an the emperour of Rome. And
there became he soo faste bounde by
the prayers of the holy man that
to hym ascended as wynges mou
tyng towarde heuen. that in noo
wise he myght remene by space of

2. dayes entirely/ And of a nother
fende we be in the lyf of saynt ker
tymelid/ as he was in his pray
ers. the fende sayd to him. grette pa
n: haue I wyth you/ for your prai
ers becomme me fore/ And for thys
I pray you good suster that ye oft
remembre thise thynges/ & thennel
shall ye haue the ioy of heuē y shal
be gyuen to theym that t'auenture
for our lord Ihesu cryst/ Soo as he
hymself sayth in the gospel/ calle
sayth he the laboureris & gyue them
theyr hire: that is the Joye of heuē

Who shold be couetous or
scarfe/ as ben they that will
for the purchasynge & recey
uyng of erthly weles trespase apes
te god/ yf they beholde by true sayth
the grette pouertie that was in the
swete Ihesu: that contempned fro the
begynnyng of his lyf more & mo
re vnto the ende/ For at the fyrst ty
me whā the kyng was borne that
made bothe heuen & erth/ he had not
soo moche place on all the erth by
on whiche his litel body myght res
te/ And therefore his pitous mo
der wrapped him in pour clothes &
laped him in a manger betwix an
oxe & an asse/ As it is sayd in the
gospel/ Yet after this was he mo
re pour/ so as he hymself sayd that
he had not soo moche place wher
he might rest his heed/ so pour was
he of erthly loggynge/ But yet so

loweth a grette pouertie/ for the ki
ng of glorie was dyspoyled. & alle
naked put vpon the crosse. And
yet what is more merueile/ that of
all the large erthe & lode might he
not haue space to lape his body to
dye vpon. For the crosse was not
of brede past a foote or litell more
This was a thyng of grette mer
ueyle. that he that was almyghty
in heuen: in erthe/ wolde wylfully
be so pour as I haue here before tou
chid/ The vnhappy ben they that
ouermochte despyren erthly goodes &
loue & honour of this world/ wher
of saynt pou! sixtyth fore apenste
& saith in this wylse. It is not euyl
to haue them/ but rather it is euyl
to loue theym/ For the rychesse of
this world is but thyng that go
oth & comyth. And therefore who
that hath rychesse & loueth it lea
meth pour/ & they that haue riches
& loueth pouertie is rych/ For the
se rich folkes that ouermochte loue
this world haue the curse of god
soo as he sayth in the gospel/ Cur
sed be ye rych folkes that haue po
ur comfort in your riches. But to
them that litell loue it hath he gy
ue his blessing & the Joye perdura
ble/ & thus sayth he in the gospel
Blessyd be the poore. for theyres
shall be the reame of heuen. Thys
graunt vs the swete Ihesus that
soo moche loued pouertie

Who sholde ete ouermochte by
 wyll or custome or dr yn :
 he/ wherby that the naturel
 forces of the soule or body sholde be
 destourbed/ soo that they maye not
 doo thoffice that they are ordyned
 to/ Such that ten thus accusto:
 med ten the glotons that are ofte
 grutchyng for mete & drynke /
But who that by true sayth be
 holde well the poure penaunce that
 our lord Ihesu cryst had the day y
 he was lete blood on the crosse they
 sholde haue litill appetyte to that
 glotonie/ There ten two maner of
 folkes that haue grete neede of go
 od/ & comfortable metes/ this is to
 knowe. they that traueyle/ & they y
 blede. And the day of his passion
 our lord was both in harde trauey
 le & bledyng. and his poure penaunce
 was theise but a draught of cysell
 & galle/ as the gospel sheweth. Who
 therne sholde grutch for defalwe
 though he haue somtyme not plen
 te at his wyll of mete or drynke.
 for the seruaunt ought not to be let
 ter seruid than his lord/ wherof ou
 re lord spekyth by Jeremie/ Remē
 bre you sayd he that haue soo moche
 trespassed of my grete pouerte. & of
 the bytternesse of the cysell & galle
 that was gyven to me to drynke:
 & yet had I noo thyng trespassed.
 Alas wretches that we ten / For
 truely if we thought of this grete

defalwe we sholde be content wyth
 litill/ & furnyssh penaunce wyth ab
 stinence. and helpe those mebers of
 our lord that haue grete defalwe /
 whiche ten the poure ney / But it
 is grete merueyle y thise ryche men
 haue not grete remorse of conscye
 ce to thynke how they wythdraue
 from the mouth of god in the po
 uer / & gyue it to the chyldern of the
 fende/ as to thise mynstrelles & trif
 lers/ glotons & vnthyrfes/ & don
 apensit the commaundment of oure
 lord Ihesu cryste/ & to the veryll of
 her soules. For the book sayth/ for
 the commaundment of god recey
 ue the pouer. whiche is to meane to
 helpe them after your powber/ And
 yf ye may not/ yet haue compascōn
 on them and be of good wyll to
 helpe them/ and god wyll rewarde
 you. And saynt austin sayth the
 ryche be made to helpe the poure/ and
 the poure to pray for the rich. & god
 wyll gyue to eche of them richesse
 & Ioye wythout ende. The whiche
 Ioye vs graunt the swete Ihesus
 that fastyd xl dayes in erthe.

A Vest lecherpe is to be noted
 the cleynesse of the pure byr
 gyn mary/ for he sholde be o
 uer byle of his body that by tru fa
 yth beholde the clene byrth of Ihesu
 cryst & of his riht clene & pure mo
 der the blessed byrgyn saynt mary
 and the cleynesse of the lif that thei

lede in erthe/and all theyre/ And
on that other partye hold shampful
ly euill & vncleane is that vyle sin
ne/they sholde hate it wyth all the
yr fettes. and like it as the deeth/ yf
they were not out of the yr wyttis
or of such frowardnesse that they
raughte not of theyr dampnacion.

For we rede in genesis that god
for that vyle shampfull synne dys-
troyed al the worlde by the floode

For it rayned xl dayes & xl nygh-
tes/ And this water was soo hye
that it was aboue the higest moun-
tayne in erthe yd cubytes. Whiche
drowned al folkes & bestes & fol-
les in the worlde/ sayng noe & his
wyfe/ his thre sones & their in. wy-
ues/ And those bestes & folles y
were saued in the same ark. the
Whiche water was soo hye ouer al
erth. to washe away the filth & foi-
lyng of that vyle synne of lecherie

And as hye shall rylse the fyre be-
fore the daye of Iugement to pur-
ge the erthe of synne. as a wise fa-
der sayth/ A holle vncleane a thyng
& vyle is that folle synne of lech-
erie/ Whiche forleth not oonly ther-
the / But the ayre. the Whiche
fylthe to washe alwaye suffyseth
not all the water that was in erth
but that god sente frowen Rayne
xl dayes & xl nyghtes/ And for si-
ple fornicacion that the folke of is-
rael dyde wyth the women of ma-

dyan rede we that there were slay
of them in one daye by the coma-
ndement of moyses xxij thousa-
nd men/ And saynt poul wyttnes-
seth. And for the auoutre that the
folke of gaba dyde one nyght in
the rauyschyng the wyf of a man
were slayne lx. & v. men/ And
for that vyle & shampfull synne a pye
ste nature god dystroyed v. cyties
For it rayned vpon sodom & go-
more synkyng sulphur & brim-
ge fyre/ and ouerthrewe the cyties
& all the reame aboute/ And all
tho that enhabyted in the cyties/ &
all the thynges growenge in that
londe / And this was done in sig-
ne that god took noo vengauce
vpon the sinners oonly/ but on the
place wher they enhabyted/ & of al
the place aboute them that eyther
vsid it or kenede it. and myghte a
mende them & wolde not And
knewe well that in all maners/ y
ony man or woman procureth or
assenteth thereto oute of mariage/
it is dedely synne. and one of y gre-
test synnes that is/ For saynt au-
stin sayth in the decre/ Auoutre is
gretter synne than fornicacion/ &
woore more vyle is a man to sin
ne wyth his owne moder then wyth
a nother woman/ But ouer euyl
& abhomyable is it of the synne a
pyest nature/ & the leest of all oute
of mariage is dapnable Wherefore

ye wretches that folow soo the Bi
 le desires of your flessh. be thinke ye
 and repent you. And remembre how
 greuous is this byle sphe of leche
 ry. And therof sayth saynt John
 in thapocalipsis / þe vicious wret
 ches & auounters that will not le
 ue their synne shall be payned pe
 durably in a lake of styngyng sul
 phur & brennyng fire. for this that
 they ken now soo brennyng in the
 folow desire of theyr wretchid fles
 sh before god & his angelles / and
 all good folkes. But yet the mer
 cy of our lord is soo grete / þe wohan
 the wretchid man or woman repe
 teth hem of hir synnes / haue they
 euer somoch offended in ony synne
 what soo euer it be / so that they sie
 pe hem cleue forthe in body & herte
 shall goo to the Joye perdurable
 where they shall see Ihu crist þe fa
 der & the holy goost. soo as sayth þe
 gospel. Blessed be the cleue of her
 te: for they shal see god / & shal sitte
 wth the sone of marie / & all the holy
 company of heuen. My dere suster
 there I trust we shall be togpyr to
 the body & solow at the grete daye
 of Iugement. And this graunt vs
 almighty god of his Infinite mer
 cy. Amen. And all ye that rede or
 here this. pray ye for hym that ma
 de it / & for theym that wrote it: and
 for hir that was the cause that it
 was made / and of your charite for

theym that translated it / & wrote it
 out of frenssh in to englssh / one pa
 ter noster & one auer / that god ha
 ue mercy on vs. & that we may co
 me to hym after this mortall lyfe
 in to the euylastyng lyf without
 departynge. Amen.

As wyse folkes sayen there
 ben thre signes of very lo
 ue & frenshyp. One is a pr
 sone wyll be gladd to speke well
 of whom they loue best. A nother
 they wyll be gladd to see often
 well & good tidynge of theym.
 The thyrde they haue them some
 che in theyr remembraunce. that at
 somtyme all other thyng is forgo
 ten. but oonly the same thyng that
 they loue best. And this is the mo
 ost sure & true signe of all other / &
 moost to be persued. And this dy
 de saynt frauncys / of whom pope
 gregory wytnessith by his bull / þe
 he salde often wyth his eyen / that
 wohan men named the name of ihu
 su before saynt frauncys / he was
 soo rauysshyd wyth that blessed na
 me. that he had nother the herpyge
 nor the sight of ony persone or thi
 ge that was done aboute him for a
 tyme. And thus my right dere sus
 ter for goddes sake ouer all thyng
 loue ye him & doo your true deuour
 to wyne the specyall fauour and
 grace of him that so hiely will ma
 ke his louers. As well pruyd it

saynt Katheryne and saynt alices
and holde ye thenne this maner to
thynke what a loue the swete Ihs
is: Thynke fyrst how by naturell
reason ye be moost beholden to loue
them that moost hath gyven you
and moost hath don for you with
out ony deserit of you & withoute
onny rewarde of you/ For al y go
od & weles that is in you/ ye haue
recepted of hym. Thenne sike wit
well that aboue all other ye ought
to loue him with all your herte/ &
with all your power/ For after y
grette weles & bounties that ye ha
ue recepted of him/ soo ought you
to loue to be grette towarde hym/ &
this sayth hymself by the prophete
Isaie/ I haue noo desir of golde
nor siluer/ nor other tresour. but o
nely of the faythfull loue of man
or woman/ Now sithynke you
well thenne how suffer where may
ye better gyue your herte & loue tha
to hym/ Wherefore to remembre yow
euery daye yf ye haue leysur. What
ken y welles that ye haue recepted
of god without your deserit/ & say
or thinke in this manere/ My lord
de god I vnderstande well that ye
of your grace hath made me of no
thyng/ and gyven me being among
ge your creatures/ and truly whā
I was noo thyng. I myght noo
thyng deserue/ These all this that
I am & haue/ I haue receiued of yo

ur specyall gyfte & grace without
my deserit/ And of your creatures
there ken some hyer & some lower/
And I knowe well that ye myght
to haue made me the most hylle cre
ature that is/ and this wyse ye not
But of your bountie fourmed me
to be amonge the moost hie creatu
res that is/ this is to knowe an
gell & man that in your owne liki
nesse shall see you in your glorie.
And this dignyte haue ye gyven
me without my deserit/ yf I lese it
not by my desalite/ And by thys
reason merciful lord am I entere
ly bounde soueraynly to loue you/
with all my soule with all my her
te/ and with all my power/

Thenne after thynke agayn
pet. Lord amonge these cre
atures angell & man. there
ken some of one parte & some of a
nother. For some of them for the
yr synne fylle in to helle/ And ye
all pytous hys kyng of heuen des
cended from your hys throne in to
your lityll purp chaſter. this was
the wombe of the blessed Virgyn/
whan of hit it pleased you humbly
to be born/ & to receyue the humayn
flessh/ to suffre deth for the redemp
con of all mankynde. wherof all be
not parteners/ but such as be crys
ten & liue wel therafter/ & dey in y
right fayth/ But other may not
claime that. as Iewes & Sarrazins

and all other mescreaunces & vni-
true crysten/ And good lord ye mi-
pghte haue let me depe wythout
baptisme/ and thene had I be caste
wyth theym in to helk wythout en-
de/ But this dyde ye not. but ma-
de me partener of your redempcion
by the grace that ye haue gyue me
to receyue baptisme wherby ye deli-
uerde me fro the snare of peroura-
ble deth/ And yet had I theise noo
thanke to pelde you. nor nought
haue deserued of on welk or grace
nomore than they that dyed in
crystned. and rescended in to helk
wythout recouer/ o mercyfull lord
Ihu holde me am I founden by
this reason ouer all thing to gyue
you that poore loue that can come
of me/ And after this thynke fur-
ther of tho that ben crystened hold
some of theym ben naturell foolkes
& wythout vnderstonding. & hold
god hath gyuen you wythout po-
ur deserte resonable vnderstonding
¶ Also in lifie wyse some of hem
ben lepers. deaf/ & dumble/ and ful of
other foule siknesses. or lame or di-
fformed/ And ye haue receyued of
god without your deserte your natu-
rel helth a right shape. wherof humbly
thanke him. And thynke thenne
further that some there be that haue
their helth & wel formed & resona-
ble vnderstonding. & yet al the day-
es of their lif liue in grete pouerte

and laboure for theyr mete/ drynke
& clothes/ and yet haue therof full
scarfe sustenaunce/ And all other
wyse hath our lord pourueyed for
you/ for to haue delicious metres &
of all other sustenaunces grete lar-
gesse wythout your deserte/ Beholde
thene fro the begynnyng of your
lif in al tymes yf euer ye colde fi-
de in you ony manere of wele liuyl
or moche. but that ye haue recey-
ued it of god by his sprecall loue
& grace that he hath gyuen to you
more than to many other/ And
wyth this greteountes that he
hath gyuen you/ Remembre you of
the grete harmes & daungers that
he hath defended you & deliuerd you
from/ & sape or thynke in this ma-
nere/ Moost mercyfull lord Ihu
I know well that I haue ofte syn-
ned dedely/ both by wyll & dede. wher-
by ye myght by rightfuf Iugemēt
haue condempned me forthwyth in
to helk without ende/ And this di-
de ye not/ but by your grete mercy
hath spared me/ & gyuen me leysur
to doo penaunce. And by this oonly
reason am I bound to serue you/ & lo-
ue you ouer all thyng/ And whā
ye shall haue in such manere wel
enrichid in your self the grete gra-
ces & giftes that ye haue receyued
of our lord Ihu cryst/ Yf ye anyse
you wel your lif & your dedes. and
besolde what wele/ what loue and

What kynnesse ye haue yelde to
hym that hath shewed you soo gre
te loue & done somoch for you with
out your desert. Peraventure ye
shall well perceiue in your selfe y
noo thyng in regard haue ye yel
den to hym. but oonly sphe/and yf
ye may fynde there ony wele. it is
soo litell. that it is as noo thyng
apenst soo many graces & benefi
tes as he hath lente & gyuen you &
Whan thys thynges ye haue well
remembred & well tored & retor
ned/thene with a holk mynde speke
or thynke humbly & deuoutly in you
re herte towarde hym. My swete lor
de Ihu cryst I perceiue wel that so
me Rent am I bounden to geue yow
for so many bountes & weles as ye
haue gyuen me. And I know wel
that though I hadde a thousande
worldes in my powber for to geue
you. noo thyng shold that encrease
you. For your glorie & riches is so
grette & infinite. that there may no
thyng encrease it/for ye haue nede
of noo thyng/& therefore good lord
I wote well/that ye aske of me no
more than may be fowde in my po
wer. This is to knowe. that I lo
ue you/& serue you with al my sou
le/with all my hert. & with all my
powber. But this may I not haue
but of your gyfte. for I haue noo
thyng of myselfe/but fise & malice/
And it were to grete a wronge &

Unkynnesse to yelde you fise & ma
lice for your grete bountes & welnes
se that ye haue shewed me/& truly
than sheweth me to haue it of you
For there is noo wele nor good
nes but it cometh of you. But holk
shal I haue it of you/not by brybe
for I haue noo good to geue you
but of your owne. for ye are lord
of all thig/& haue powber ouer al/
¶ A good lord thene sheweth it
me to geue it by humbly & fayr pray
er. And yf I pray to you ye may
rightfully refuse it. for this that I
am a wretched fise. And yet mer
cyful lord I know wel that tho
ugh I had in me the fises & mal
ces of all creatures/ whiche shold
he ouermoch. yet were all my byle
wretchednesse litell in comparison
of your grete bounte. Wherefore almi
ghty god al merciful & pitous/ I
beseeche you that your grete bounte
be not wpthora by my wretched
nesse. Syth it is soo good lord that
I yelde me to you / & come to yow
with grete drede & dyspayr for my
grete wretchednesse/ but yet with
grete sure hope of you for your me
rcefullous mercy & bounte/ and sith
ye aske of me nomore for all y we
les & graces that I haue receyued
of you/but that I shold loue you o
uer all thyng/and this may I not
haue but oonly of you/& of your
gyfte/ Wherefore moost mercyfull

Worde swete Ihesu I beseech you. for
 that loue that made you descende
 fro heuen. & to be come man for mā
 and to suffer soo cruel & harde deth
 for loue of the redempcion of man.
 That it may plesse you tern to lo-
 arde me: & graunt me of your grace
 that I may yelde you my litell po-
 or loue apenst the grete merueylo-
 us & merciful loue ye haue shewed
 vnto me/ Soo that my poor herte
 rest on noo creature by daye & de-
 ceivable loue contrary to your wyll
 & plesure/ As verily as I know
 well that noo thyng is to be felo-
 wyd / But for countee or beauty
 that they haue receyued of you/
 And moost gracious lord for y
 paynfull pascion that ye dyed to
 suffer for my synnes / ye that neuer
 dyde synne/ I require & humbly beseech
 you. that ye graunt me very sorow
 & true repentance for my synnes in
 this lif/ soo that I be not by them
 deliuered to eternall payne/ And
 dere suster whan ye shall thus ha-
 ue spoken to the sone. tourne yow
 thene to his blessed moder. & say or
 thynke. O moost blessed glorious
 virgyn mary & moder of our lord
 Ihu cryst/ for that swete loue that
 was betwene you & your dere sone
 whan ye soo sweetly embraced hym
 the same that is the kyng of glori
 And wyth your breste gaaf hym
 solace/ and many a swete kisse ga-

ne and receyued of hym/ I requi-
 re & humbly beseech you/ that ye pur-
 chase me that grace of your dere
 chylde truly to loue him. And my
 prayer soo to auance/ that I maye
 attayne his blessed loue/ And I be-
 seech you moder of mercy/ for that
 grete sorow that was in your herte
 whan ye saw your dere sone wyth-
 out any suffer soo harde & cruel de-
 the: for me synfull & all other syn-
 ners. that it wyll plesse you to be-
 meane for vs to gete vs his grace
 of true repentance for our synnes/ &
 re in this wretched & short lyf: so y
 we may to his plesure passible de-
 parte. & come joyfully to y presen-
 ce of your dere sone & you / there to
 contynue wythout ende/ Amen/

¶ Here foloweth a Treatise that
 speakyth of the Vertu. & of the bran-
 ches of the appultrice. Whiche is ex-
 pouned morally: as foloweth here
 after /

¶ The Prophete saith
 these wordes/ I shall
 mount to the appul-
 trice/ & take of the fru-
 ite/ Somtyme is vn-
 derstonde by the appultrice the cros-
 se/ And somtyme penance. Som-
 tyme contemplacyon/
 ¶ On the appultrice of the crosse
 gather men the fruyte of lyfe. On

This appul tree shold haue viij
 braunches/and vpon enery braun
 che a bryde & a floure / The fyrste
 braunche is consideracon of hym
 selfe/that is whan the soule know
 eth herselfe/and ensercheth sayth
 fully & truly in hir conscience. soo
 that therein abyde noo thyng that
 shold dysplese god (vpon this bra
 unche makyth the peock his nest/
 The peock is of such nature that
 whan she slepyth on nyghtes/and
 wakyth sodenly. she cryeth for the
 fere that she hathe to lese hir belote.
This signefieth the soule that
 our lord hath formed and created
 soo fayne that in the nyghte of this
 derke worlde oughthe alwaye to be
 in drede/soo that she leaue not hir be
 autie/whiche ben the bountees & the
 graces that god hath lent & gyven
 hyr. so oughthe she by grete dyscōfor
 te to crye whan she feleth & know
 eth ony derkenesse/and shortly ayd
 wyth ferme faythe to chace alwaye
 all hir defalties/(vpon this brau
 che is a full fayre floure that is of
 good odour.& also hath an heuenly
 coloure/whiche is called Narde. It
 is an herte lityll & lowe & of softe na
 ture/that signefieth humilite. that
 gladly okeyeth herselfe/ & that maye
 not be done wythout yf she of cha
 rite. Suche humilite yeldeth grete
 colour & odour/for it drewe yf some
 of god wylly to erth/soo as our la

dy it wytnesfeth: there where she sa
 yth For she hath behold the humpli
 te of his bondmayde. She sayd not
 the virgynite nor the charyte/ nor
 the noblesse/ nor many other vertu
 es/ wherwyth she was fulspiled.
 But she said rather humplite/ For
 this was the specyall vertue wher
 fore the sone of god descended in her.
 For yf she had not be perfite meke
 he wold neuer haue chosen hir. for
 he resisteth to the proude. & to the
 humble gyueth his grace. Well resi
 ted this swete lady vpon the brau
 che of contemplacon; that kepte
 humplite/ & loste not hir holinesse.
 vpon this braunche desured dauid
 to sitte/whan he sayd in prayenge
 Bede we me lord wyth esoppe/the
 ne shal I be more wyth tha snold
 Isoppe signefieth that same y. nar
 de wyth. The Isoppe purgeth the bre
 ste.& humplite purgeth the hert of
 Fancour/of enuye/of shrewdnesse
 & of al felonys. By this wyse
 dauid to be clenfid after his grete
 synne/for he knewe well that this
 was the true medicyn /
The seconde braunche of contem
 placō is cōpunction of theyr ne
 yghbours. for whā yf soule hath go
 od wyll to amēde al this that god
 is displeased for. & bi yf kinouliche re
 ceueth the floure of very humply
 te. Thanne oughthe she to haue
 compascōn of hir neyghbours /

the appul tree of Penauce gader
men seven fruytes/ Foure to the
body: and thre to the soule The fyrst
fruyte that the body shall haue
after his penauce done shall be cle
renesse/ soo scripture sayth The iu
te folke shall shyne as the sonne in
the Peame of their fader/ Of this
sayth saynt poul/ We shall beholde
sayth he our lorde Ihesu cryste that
shall resourme the bodys of oure
humanyte. as fygure to the body
of his clernesse The seconde frute
that the body shall haue/ shall be li
ghtnesse. for it shal be as light as
the thought is now. Wherof men
finde of our lord after his resurrex
cyon that he was light/ For now
aperted he to them that were in eu
mans. and forthwith to them that
were in Iherusalem. The thirde fru
te that the body shall haue shall be
subtylty. They shall not be therme
so groos as they are now/ But they
shall be full subtyll. As men spyn
de also of our lorde Ihesu cryste af
ter the sayd resurrexcon/ that he en
tered amonge his dyscyples whan
the doores were shytted/ This myg
ht not be done before but by myra
cle/ The fourth fruyte that the body
shall haue/ shall be Impassibylty/
this shall be helthe/ for it shal be so
hole that it shall neuer maye haue
siknes in body nor in soule. this fo
ur fruytes shal the body haue/ and

the soule shall haue thre. The fyrst
shal be the knowlege of the godhe
de wherof saint poul saith/ I knowe
now a partye by fygure. & as men
loke in a glasse/ But thene shal I
knowe like as I am now knowe
we shall knowe god in all as he is
& see him clerly wythout couerture
or wythout glasse. this shall be the
lighte of the grete glories that the
soule shall haue/ The seconde shall
be the glorie of humanyte of Ihu
cryste/ The thirde shall be loue. For
yf the soule haue knowlege & sigh
te & loue not/ this shal be noo pr
fytte glorie/ But she loue hir god
whom she shall see & knowe/ Now co
me we to the appul tree of contem
placō/ The appul tree is sterte & skile
der doulward & large spward. For
the soule that wyll moue in contem
placō ought to be stertyght & skile
der doulward to all erthly thynges
& to all carnall affeccōs/ & large
spward in the loue of god and of
his neyghbour/ For like as the ap
pul tree the more playn it be wyth
out bolles tyll it come to the height
the more spredeth it in y toppre. th9
woth the soule that stretchith on he
ight by contemlacō of tyme hau
ge noo bolles of worldly
ne carnalle affeccōn. I spredeth
moche more spward in loue to
god/

And sholde applie hyt humbly
and gladly to the neede of their af-
fliccons. Upon this brauche ma-
keth the shrike wole his nest/that
is of such nature: that she dea with
hir about such places-as deede bod-
es ben benied. And whā ony is ne-
re his deeth she felith it aser/ & cry-
eth lorde by grete pyte & sorowe:

This byrde signefyeth the compas-
ion of the soule that shold put hir in
grete dyligence aboute hem that be
in sinne for to conuert hem & bryn-
ge hem ayen in the way of saluaci-
on/ And whā she perceyuet ony
that aprowcheth to the deeth of y^e fol-
le bi dedely synne/then shold she crie
by grete lamentacon to god with
teeres & wyth oryson/ Upon thys
brauche growyth the floure of gla-
ne/this glane growyth aboute wa-
ters/ By this water is vnderston-
de they that bene in dedely synne a-
bout whom shold growe charite. &
gyue attendaunce to the compas-
ionat soule/ Upō this brauche was
moued dauid. that sayd/ Lord for
this that the synners haue not kep-
te your lawes/ I haue cast this gre-
te habūdānce of teeres. Upon thys
brauche was iherime moued the
pyete y^e said wō shal gyue water
to my hēde/ a for this y^e thought
water myghte drye and fayle. say-
de he after/ and to myne eyen wel-
les of teeres/ that I myghte drye the

wertchydnesse of my peple/ The tho-
ughte teeres that neuer shold cease/
Such teeres shold haue the soule y^e
wyll moue vpon the appulture of
contēplacōn. as an holy fader was
theron wel moued. that sayd wō
is seke in all holy chyrche epyer in
body or in soule/ But that I be twō-
blid & sory wyth hem/

The thyrde brauche of thappul-
tree is temporall affliccōn/ whā
she putteth herself in grete afflicte
by penaunce/ & also that she suffereth
Ioyfully & with a reasible hert all
aduersities for the loue of our lor-
de. Upō brauche maketh the swan
her nest/ that is of such nature that
whā she shall depe she singyth

This signefyeth the soule that ha-
th the Ioye in trybulacion. Upō this
brauche were moued thapostles
of whom me say: the apostles had
grete Ioye whā they went out of
the consples of the Iewes & phari-
sees/ where they were beten. for this
that they thoughte them worthy
to suffre shame for the name of ou-
re lorde Ihesu cryste/ Upon thys
brauche growe the floure of the les-
pe/ wō of the spowse sayth in the
Canticles/

Thus as the lespe is amonge
the thornes. thus is my loue amō-
ge the chylarne of the worlde/

Whanne the floure of the
lespe is amonge the thornes

they pꝛeche hir . and ſe: pꝛecheþ
hem not. but rather yeldeþ good o
wre by tꝛue pꝛeche/ Thus oug
ht the ſoule to doo. She oug
ht not anſwere by ſharpe wordes
but rather oughe to yelde good o
wre by tꝛue pꝛeche to all them
that done hyr any offence. ſo that
ſhe mape ſaye wyth ſaynt poull/we
ſen of good odour. to god in al pla
ces. But they that yelden euyl for
euyl. and ſen wyth to anſwere by
ſignes and by wordes. And wyll
not forgete one worde that folke
ſaye to them. or doo any wronge/
nor wyll not forgyue/ all ſuche fol
kes ſen not of the appyl tre of cō
templacyon/

¶ The fourth braunch of contem
placyon is compunccon/ Compunc
con is when the ſoule is ſore mo
uyd and pꝛeched wyth the traue
ſes of oure lord Jheſu cryſt. ſo that
ſhe forgetteth all other payne & tra
uelp that mape come to hyr / For
as men wyll and mape more eaſe
p dꝛyue oute a wedde of a pꝛy of
tre that is myſſette by a nother
In like wyſe when the ſoule is me
uyd & pꝛeched wyth tribulacyon.
It oughe to remembre how hyr ſo
neyryn ſauour & loue was for her
pꝛiced & nayled on the croſſe. And
this ſharpenſſe & ſowle ſholde put
away all other payne & ſowle fro
hir ſet And this braunch maketh

hir neeſt a byrd which is callid
harpia. that hath the ſeblaunce of a
maſtes viſage / & hir nature is to
ſee the fyrſt man ſhe fyndeth / & the
ne gooth ſhe to ſome water / where
ſhe beſholdeth hirſelf. & ſeeth that ſhe
hath ſlayn hir owne likeneſſe. & then
maketh ſhe a full grette ſowle al
waye that euer ſhe ſaloe any man.
This ſignefyeth þe ſoule that ſeeth
cryſt by hir ſpyle / whoſe ſeblaunce is
in hir / for to his ſeblaunce was ſhe
created. And when ſhe remembreth
how Jhu was dede for our ſynnes
theſe oughe ſhe to make grette ſo
wle & lamentacon / Thus as the
turtle dooth when ſhe hath loſte her
felaw. & ſhe come to the place where
ſhe deyed / & fynde feathers or any of
ther ſigne ſhe maketh grette ſowle
Thus oughe the ſoule to doo that
hath loſt Jhu cryſt hir good lord
& loue / ſhe oughe to doo thus as di
de the daughter of a kyng that alſo
de orphelin. And men took alwaye
hyr enſeruaunce. Thenne was the
re the ſone of a myghty kyng that
had ſoo grette pꝛy of hyr that he to
ke this poge lady to his wyf and
conquered agayne hyr ſeritage.
and deyed in the bataylle/

¶ Thenne this poge lady took the
armes of the knyght that for hyr
was dede. And beſide them every
day wepyng ſpo tharmes gmade
merueylous grette ſowle / The do

nighter of the kyng that a lode or
phelin & lost hir heritage/this was
the soule that was daughter of a
dam/that was a ryght noble man
Iohan he was in paradys. But he
lost his enterprauce Iohan he was
drpuen thens by his synne/ And
thenne had the sone of god grete
pyte for the soule that was thus
dyscheynted/and dyscenderd fro para
dyce/ to marpe hir: this same daye
of marpage was made/ Iohan he
Ioynded his deyte to our humanite
& so that day fought for vs xxij
peer & an halfe/ & at the laste dyed
for vs in the batayle of the crosse/
Wherefore we onghte well to doo
thus as this ponge lady dyde al
way to haue his deith in remembra
nce/ & wyth grete compascōn of ten
to beholde his armes/ This is hys
crosse/ his spere/ his nayles: & all y
Instrumentes of his passion/and
wepe euery daye for this. that our
lorde & souerayn loue was dede for
vs. ¶ Upon this brauche growe
ith the rose/ that signefieth martir
dom spuellly. & tho that he thus tou
ched & prycked forgotten lightly alle
worldli troubles: and may wel sa
ey i am wounde bi charite/ for this
is the tru way of charyte/ For as
wel content is the very charitable
with hem that blame hem as them
that prayse hem/ For the soule that
is verely conformed in god. ne is

not ouertrowe by aduersite ne a try
fio bi pspite ¶ The B. brauche of cō
templacōn is abyding/ Ioha y folw
he is of soo grete desire that he aby
deth our lord in desiring. ¶ Upō
this brauche were moued y pyte
tes of tholde tyme/that somoch de
sired the compnyng of our lord. Ioha
they sayd come lord & tary not/ & a
nother sayd/ yf he make taryng a
byde we him/for he shal com/ & tary
not longe/ Upō this brauche was
moued dauid/ Ioha he sayd beholde
we & abyde we our lord/ & after sa
yd he thus/ as the harte desireth the
welle/ thus desireth my soule to the
my god/. & in a nother place sayth
he. ¶ Dormitauit aia mea pte
dio/ Saynt poul was moued on
day on this brauche & sayd. I desire
to be dysfolowed/ & to be wyth cryst.
& in a nother place he sayd. Wret
ched mā who shal deliue me of this
body of deith. ¶ Upō this brauche
makith y nightyngale his nest. y
is of such nature that he singyth
al nyght a yest y day/ & Ioha he seth
y daye & the softe yse he makyth so
grete Joy y bneith he kepith his lyfe
this signefieth y holi soule yin the
desire might of this lif abyde our
lord/ & Ioha he felith his comig in
hir hert by grace/ she hath soo grete
Joye/ that she can nother speie nor
be styll/ such was the goodwyl
meo/ that was so Joyful Iohan he

behold the comynge of the sone of
 god/wherof he sayth/Tha god whā
 shall come the swete chylde/whā
 shal he be born/whā shall I see hi
 whether shall I dure soo long that
 he may finde me here at his holi na
 tunte. Make ever my eyen see that
 same/By whom the eye of the soule
 shall be awakid. These wordes sa
 yd he every day in his prayer. By y
 oppressynge of the grete desire of
 his herte/And by his grete desyre
 had he answer of the holy goost y
 he shold not fele deth till he had see
 the very sone of god. Thus did he
 as the nyghtyngale that singeth
 all the nyght/whā he shalbe com
 day. & the sone of Justyce of whō
 mary was moder. & broughte him
 to be offryd in the temple. he ran a
 penynt him & embraced him/and held
 hym aghest his hert/and had so gre
 te Joye/that kneth his hert myght
 abyde it. And thenne made he this
 fair songe. **N**ūc dimittis seruu
 tuū dñe/ & c. Lord put your serua
 unt in peas/ for now I see the pea
 ce that I haue somoch desired/whē
 reof I haue somoch Joye that deth
 is noo payne to me. And for god
 des sake doo we as simeon dyde/en
 brace we this swete chylde in thar
 mes of our hertes/Saint anne en
 braced him in the temple/that had
 somoch desired hym. Upon this
 braunche growe the floure of safrē

and the flour blanche/whiche sig
 nifyen/that this fervent desire ma
 keth the soule pale & pello/wher
 of it sayth in the canticles/let me
 not to behold though I be blacke
 for the sone hath dyscoloured me
 And in a nother place sayth he a
 rayed wpth flowres set on wpth
 thornes. for I languish in love /
 The sixte braunche of the appyll
 tree is dysitacyon/whā our lord
 hath ppe on the soule desirng hi
 he dysiteth hir by his grace. that he
 gyueth hir the felng of his swete
 presence/that she hath somoch desi
 red. Upon this braunche maketh
 the swallow hir nest/& she is of su
 che nature/that she taketh hir fed
 ge in ayre & in fleeng/This signe
 fyeth the soule dysired of god/that
 ought to take no comfort nor plei
 sure of noo temporell thyng. but
 of god allonly. And tho thynges
 nedeful to the body shold they take
 thus. as in fleeng. that is to abyde
 thereon as litell as they may/but o
 nely for their sustenance / Upon
 this braunche was mounted ezechi
 el whā he sayd all thus/as y shal
 ne that cryeth after his moder/& ta
 keth noo comfort but of hir/thus
 the soule contemplatyf whā she
 cometh apen to hyrselfe/and seeth
 the grete Joye that she shall haue
 of this suffraunce. she ought not to
 okepe hir to hir owne wyll/not to

nr

synne but allonely to the wyll of
god. / Upon this braunch groweth
the marygolde. which is of such
nature / that when the sonne she do
eth the floure spreadeth / And when
the sonne wythdraweth it closeth /
Right thus shold we the contem
platyf soule opene the soire of Jus
tice / and ought allway to open hys
herte by desire & by love / And yf it
falle any tyme that grace be wyth
drawen. they shold close their her
tes opene all forerayne pleyasures. &
opene all synne. & oughte to take
noo reste nor comforte tyll it come
open. And as the marygolde fol
loweth the soire / soo ought the con
templatyf soule to folow our lord
to serue hym / to desire hym / & to go
after him / Suche was mari mald
delayne when she went to the sepul
cre / where she founde noo thyng but
thangel that answered hir. of who
she took litell hede / for she was so
feruet in the love of our lord who
she soughte. that she myght receyue
noo comfort of thangel / And yet
was he as cleer as a full fayr ster
re / But she asped for the soire that
all enlumyneth / & took litell heede
of al other clernes / She sought hi
of & where he was not. & thider ca
me she wyth right grette desire / For
there was the last place where she
had lefte him / and for this wende
she there surely to fynde hym by her


1. a. 15

desires. And afterwarde she founde
hym. For truly who that wyll per
seuer in deuoute prayers / & refuseth
for him all other forerayne pley su
res / they shall surely fynde hym
wythout doubte. hymself promyseth
soo in thapocalips & sayth / I loue
them that loue me / and those that
waite bytymes for me / shall fynde
me / And thus for cause she loued
hym / she founde him / and yet sayd he
more / Yf any opene his gate for me
I wyll enter in wyth a good wyll
& dwelle wyth hym. & he wyth me /
and shal ete gladly wyth hym. & he
wyth me. Upon this braunch sa
te dauid / when he sayd my soule ha
the refused all comforte / but oonly
of the / ¶ The seuenth braunch
of contemplacion is affection. that
is. when the soule is come to thys
that she felith somoch of god that
the humanyte ne may not holde her
but rather sayle. Upon this brau
che was dauid mounted / when he
sayd. I shal remember me of god &
shall delite me & exerceise me in the
love of hym. & my spiryte sayleth
And in a nother place he saith mi
soule sayleth. Upon this braunch
makyth her nest the phenyx. that
signefieth the spirytuell folke / for
this that he is singuler. For full
felde is of them. or of such that co
me to this hys stage / The phenyx
is of suche nature / that when he

Shall depe/ he gadreth togyder tho:
 nes/ and gooth in to the moost ho:
 te part of al the londe y he is in. &
 whan he hath byed them/ he fleeth
 ouer them so longe that they be
 gynn to berne. and thenne berneith
 he hymselfe in that fyre/ and of tho
 se/ asskes groweth a nother femy
 The phemy in one sence signefieth
 our lord Ihu crist that was with
 out fader in erth. to whom was ne
 uer none like/ & in him was all y
 braunches of vertues asselbed/ whi
 che by loue bent hymself on thaul
 ter of the crosse. The phemy also
 signefieth the holy soule spirituall
 that hath gadred togyder the tho:
 nes of good vertues/ & berth hem
 in to the fire of charite/ Soo ma
 ke they to god sacrefyse of body &
 soule wha they offere to him in the
 dour of his humanity on the auter
 of their lites by petyte desire. and
 this sacrefyse is ful pleyssant to
 god/ wherof dauid sayd/ Such sa
 crefyse is crase/ And in a nother
 place sayd/ Denne is the sacrefyse
 crase whan/ The soule is reysed by
 wynges of hope/ & flies out of al
 bodily affeccionis & Imagynacy
 ons/ and she is Joynd to god in
 crase/ & is dronken of the crase. of
 the holy goost/ so that for the tyme
 hir besoneth to sayle bi the grete ha
 bundant Joye that she felith/
 This signefieth the quene of sa:

ba/ that came to Iherusalem for to
 see the sappece of Salamon/ wher
 of she had herd the grete renomme
 But whan she sawe hym/ she sa
 id she sawe more than she had her
 d. And as scripture sayth she fay
 led in herself for the me:uilles that
 she behelde in hym. The fructe of
 this braunche is Ihu crist/ that sa
 yd. I am the flour of the felde/ and
 the helpe of the valsepe/ Of this fru
 te sayd Elisafeth/ Benedictus
 fructus. & c. The leues of this bra
 unche ben the cryes/ sighes/ the sol
 mynges/ and the snobbynges that
 they haue that ben thus moued.

Here ben declared the signes
 wherby men may seke the loue of
 our lord/



 The crysten oughte
 moche hartly to se /
 mebre in our hertes
 & thynke on the right
 grete loue y the sibe
 techilde of bethleem Ihu crist shew
 ed to vs/ by the wounde of his preci
 ous side/ in viij. signes ful of right
 grete loue. The first signe of
 loue was shewd to vs in this/ y
 he wold make of his precyous wo
 unde the leure red & blood to call ou
 re lites. that by fleeg thoughtes
 ofte seaseth hem by fals loue vpon
 the carepne of vayne creatures.
 The seconde signe is in this y

he made their tresour to redeme vs
this tresour is that of his precio9
body was put out the most precio
us lif that euer was or euer maye
be. & gaf it for to redeme our soules
fro the paynes of helles. He gaf ther
fore also his precious soule ful of
all weles / full of grace wythoute
mesure. ful of all the blessed diuini
te / ful of the myght of god y fader
Ful of the sappyence of god the so
ne / ful of the grace of god the holy
goost. And for asmoche as one so
ule requirerth a nother. We ought
to ope to him the tresour of our her
tes. Whiche shold be in golde. ensen
ce. & myrre. this is to knowe the
golde of feruent loue. then sence of
deuout prayer. the myrre of penan
ce & of satysfaccion. ¶ The thyrde
signe is shewed in this. that he ma
de there a well to wasshe our hert
this is the well of grace that spry
geth fro the depnes of the diuini
te / & cometh thorough the wounde of
his side / & costeth vpon the grauell
of holy medytacyon / and descendeth
in to the draught of the conspyce.
right beryngly / for to put out all
vncleynesse. ¶ The fourth signe
is in this / that he made there a ta
uerne. to make vs drynke this ta
uerne hath the humanyte nature
fulfilled wyth wyne of consolacy
on / that the true hert ordeneth in be
ry charite. In this tauerne descen
ded the sone of god bi ix. degres / y

thus representeth the ix. orders of
angels. This wyne god the fader
tuned / god the sone pressed. god y
holy goost it folled wyth ful mesu
re through holy desire he repsed by y
bertu of the fire of loue / wherof the
furnaces of the hert ought to be al
way hote. ¶ The v. signe is in this
that he made there a nest for vs to
rest in. In this nest shold the religi
ous soule seeke y rest of his conscy
ence bi holy contemplancon / & flee thor
cacions that myght meue hir herte
to desire & spredde to many creatu
res / by disordinat & fals affectyon.
¶ The vi. signe is this that he ma
de there a sheld to defende vs fro ou
re enemyes. that seasceth not day ne
night to doo their poluer to detruie
vs. These enemyes be the fleshe the
world / & the fende / fro whiche none
may defende hem nor kepe / but bi y
bertu of the pascon of our lord ihu
su cryst. & of his sweet woundes.
¶ The vii. signe is in this that he
made there a tree of lif for vs in hi
to entree / & al thus as the ware of
the candell shold entree wythin the
wyndie for to draue the light to it /
thus shold y religious hert be etred
wythin this wounde by loue & bren
nyng charite. & ought to be couerd
wyth erth by y knowlege of oure
owne freeld / & wrapt in the barrie
by remembraunce of that deeth that vs
al hath redemed / & seeke the rewarde

of the same by the steppes of holy
 werkes in the vertue of persueua
 uce wpyth very humylyte/ & thenne
 draweth the light of deuocōn/ War
 dour of honest conuersacōn/ sauour
 right plesant/ wpyth swete refeccy
 on. Thus is the hert drawē to na
 ture diuine by the vertue of loue
 whiche of two makyth one all in/
 Iope that neuer shall haue ende
 wpyth this leure be our hertes cal
 le of this tresour truly redmed/ of
 this welke cleue washt/ of this ta
 uern swetly made drunke/ In this
 nest stilly to rest. wpyth this shelter
 defended & kept. Soo that without
 to ende. be we in god soo set/ that ne
 uer in noo tyme be we from hym
 dysseuered/ Amen/

How sayth exhorteth the perso
 ne to eschewe & haue in contempt
 all euyl thoughtes/ & to refuse the
 self in al poyntes to good werkes
 vnder the hope of diuine grace/

 Rete alwaye ought
 euery hodi to haue by
 on the myself. y they
 retorne not ayeen vnto
 to those synnes that
 they haue ben reconfyked of/ For Ba
 in is the pe nauce. that the same of
 fence forleth ayeen. Where resiste
 wpyth al your powder fro doyng tho
 se synnes that ye haue lost/ soo that
 they growe not in you ayeen. Thise
 vnderstonde what ye be & to what
 entet ye be made/ for such as god

hath ordeyned you. ought ye to be
 I haue in you very bypseue that
 ye by one onely synne be many vertu
 es lost/ Thise for the loue of god
 gyue not your soule to the powder
 of the flessh/ suffer none vncleines
 to abyde in you/ Resist at the begi
 nyng of euyl thoughtes/ & soone
 may ye thene surmount the trena
 unt. Knowe ye for trouth that by
 your thoughtes shall ye be Iuged
 for the body may not be corrupt till
 the thought be first corrupt/ And
 whan the wyllle thereto consenteth
 the flessh is all redy to synne. & ther
 fore to rme your wyllle fro euyl tho
 ughtes/ & the body shall not synne
 vnderstonde to this that is admo
 nished to you: that ye be not forled
 wpyth none vncleines of lecherye/
 nor that ye be vainquysshed bi for
 nyacōn. for thise be grete synnes &
 mong all other. For better is it to
 dy than to doo fornyacōn/ & better
 to lese your life than be forled with
 lecherye/ Therefore be warre/ for con
 tynuaunce somtyme maketh one to
 synne. Haa god so chastice atty
 neth the blisful crame of heuen/ &
 lechery draweth a man to the derke
 dongeon of helle/ If lecherye asayleth
 you: thynke what tuzmet they suf
 fer that hath be thereto habandoned
 & horryble be the paynes of helle/
 wherfore pray god deuoutly wpyth
 tress both nyght & day/ & whan ye
 awake of your fyrste slepe retorne

ye to prayers. for customably orp:
son surmounteth tharmes of the fē
de. Oryson is the fyrst Vertue aga
yn thasaltes of all euyl thought
tes/ Fulfyll not your appetyte by
metes/ but chastise your bodies by
fastyng/ for other wyse it is harde
to baynquyshe the tēptacōn of the
flessh. but by fastyng/ & orysons/
for ouermoch delicacye in mete &
drynke enclinethe the flessh to vni
clennesse/ The eyen be the fyrst ar
mes of vncleinesse/ The sight is y
fyrste couetise of men or wyemen/
Therefore wythdrawe your eyen yf
ye be nyght the serpent. soo that ye
be not hurt/ For yf ye be nyght y
re/ though ye were of pyen. yet shol
de ye be somtyme warme/ For that
sine hurteth greatlye such as be fou
den dayn/ Therefore occupye you pri
ghtly in good werkes & gode tho
ughtes/ Chastise your lodges by
rightful trauncle/ & soo may ye pro
u. fyre to yourself & to other/ And
be alwaye humble to all folkes/ Yf
ye kepe humylite ye shall haue glo
ry/ for the more humble ye be the mo
re shall ye folow the hienes of glo
ry/ Use not to auarice you of your
gode dedes. so that ye bring not po
urself in pryde/ But rather okepe &
humble yourself moost when ye fele
your herte meupd to be raised wyth
pryde. Beware of hys mountynge
for fre of ouerholbe descendynge.
For pryde casted downe thangelis

out of heuen and made them fens
des in helk/ Remember ye of the hu
mylite of our lord/ whiche was o
bysaut to his fader vnto the deathe
Soo take ye perfightly the ensaple
of hym/ Wyll ye be humble. Thenne
haue alwaye shame in your herte of
the remembraunce of your synnes
And goo alwaye wyth humble ma
ners & sobre bysage. & by sighyng
& wepyng in your herte. & swete shall
be tho tere/ for grete sines asken
grete amendes/ouer all thynges
make you sure of your synes/ For
therin shall ye fynde mater ynough
to make you pensif. And in all
your other sicknesses & twobles be
not so coloful/ But ye ought humble
to yelde god thankynges. that ha
the sent theim to you/ to thentent y
ye shold come the more clene before
hym/ Have alwaye attēprance in
prou. pryde/ & pacyence in aduersitee
Refrayne your Ire. & overcome it
by suffraunce/ Suffer other pacyet
ly when they doo you wrong/ For
by pacyence & byng styll shall ye
soone ouercom y wrathfull/ Thin
ke what payne almyghty god suf
fred for you. that was perced with
nagles/ & crolned wyth thornes.
and condempned to be crucified on
the crosse/ This ought to geue you
a grete comfort to be wyth pacye
ce all Iniurie. And be not hasty
to stryke theim that haue stryken
th in

you. But suffer al such thynges
for the loue of god. and he wyl
gyue you a grete reward. If ye
haue displeysed ony man. slepe not
till ye haue accorded him with you
agayn. If ony man hath done a
gainst you. yelde him not after his
desert. But wyth good herte pardon
 hym. For wrath departeth man
from god. Be of good wyll to all
folkes. If your enemy haue ony
mysaventure. ye oughthe not to re
ioyse it. For ye may happe to fall
in like peryll. Wyth complacency
pkyne ye. Wyth them that were
were ye. Be of charitable herte to
all folkes. and care not who pray
seth you. or blameth you. For no
ne may better knowe what ye ken
than your selfe. Be simple & clene
of dyscrete manere. soe that you
re demeruyng offence not the vo
ys of other. Wherby they may falle
in sinne. Keepe the company of ma
ny folkes and specially of them
that ken lighte to falle in synne.
Who desireth and haunteth the co
panye of wyse folkes. is wyse.
And a peryllous thyng is it to be
conuersaunt amonge them that
ken euill. Warye wordes for
muche the soule. Lete neuer thyng
passe your mouth that shold offen
de the eers of the betters. For wyle
worde shall neuer be wythoute Ju
gement. Take good heed to your
mouth. soe that ye speke not but in

tyme & place couenable. For eny
creatur shall yelde rekenyng
of their wordes on the daye of Ju
gement. Be not lighte to speke a
fore grete folkes. but if ye be ques
tyoned or commaunded. Full heede
it is wyth moche speche a man to
kepe hym wythoute some offense.
Be not hasty to Iuge the lif of o
ther folkes. Detraccion is
grete synne. & cause of endles dā
naccon. Whan ye be meuyd to Ju
ge other folkes. thynke themme en
your owne synnes. And themme
shall ye fynde litell cause to Iuge
other. if ye take good heed of you
r selfe. Or who that spekyth euill
of other. or who that ken gladd to
heare euill. they ken parteners to so
the offences. Be not lighte of by
leue to eny bodys sayeng. Nor
speke none vntreue thyng. For e
uery lispeng is a synne. The vntreue
tongue sayth his owne wyll.
Dauid sayth god shall destroy al
those that vse lispenges. Promyse
not that thyng. that ye may not do
For moche he ye toke blame if ye
yelde not that thyng that ye promi
sed. Lete not your worde be contra
ry to your thought. For noo thyng
may be hyde from god. for he seeth
& knoweth al. Good lif is alway
cause of Ioye. If ye liue well ye
neede neuer to be in sorow. If ye be
vicious auaunt not therof. Wher
by ye maye lese it. Nevertheless

in the name of Jesus Christ Amen
Whan ye doo or thynke ony euill/
shewe it anon by confession/ then
shall ye be sauid. For synne groweth
from litill to grete/ And yf it
be shewed by confession it is soone
made of grete litill. Slouth nopen-
eth moche to good werkes. Negli-
gence slacketh the courage/ & quen-
cheth the light of conyng: Vices
ouercometh some the slouthfull per-
sones: Tasse hepe to this/ to then-
tent that ye ben not founden bapn
For yf slouth hath a litill entree
it wyll lightly growe to moche/ Yf
ye be good & vertuous. then shal
ye be glorified/ Beware whan ye
doo ony thyng well/ that ye couey-
te not the pryse of folkes/ Wherby
ye may lese the grete rewarde that
ye shold haue of god/ Lese noo ty-
me/ but that ye do alway some go-
od/ nor coueyte not to knowe of o-
ther thus/ that they wolde be lo-
ye knowe. Whan folkes speke to
you/ hearken them redely/ and speke
by deliberacyon/ For in some thyng
ge is then greter than the begin-
nyng/ In which the speaker hathe
more grete honour: and better shold
be the last worde than the fyrst.
Demeane your selfe to every body/
soo that ye offende not the wyll
of god/ Grete payne shal haue the
cruel persones and such as theto
consenten/ Wherfore consent ye to
noo synne/ But whan ye ben mo-
ued soone to torne your hertes. so

that ye be not euenempe thelwith
Be not ouersharpe to your serua-
tes/ but doo soo that they haue desi-
re to serue you / In all your wer-
kes oughte to be attemperance /
For every ouermesure torneth to
vycias/ as to moche or to litill. In al
your dedes holde discrecion. for yf ye
hepe not discrecion/ there is noo
vertue in noo thyng that ye do but
rather it is vycias/ Doo by ocher as
ye wolde they shold doo by you /
Doo none enoyes to ocher by por-
ut wytnes. nor wyth your wordes
empeyre noo body/ Doo not wyll-
ingly harm to none. lest ye suffer
suche at the day of Iugement/ Ne
mayntene none agayne trowth/ be
they ryche or poore/ Loke ye be tru-
to all/ so that your trowth be neuer
corrupte by noo couetyse of rycheesse
Gyue neuer Iugement wythoute
mercy. It is a peryllous thyng to
Iuge a man by suspicon/ For som-
tyme is blamed the same that is
gyltyles / Be not ryfled in pryde
for none honour that ye haue/ but
hepe you in humylyte/ For it is ful
harde to haue honour wythout syn-
ne / The honour of this worlde is
soo decayable/ that it maketh som-
tyme the moost myghty persones
to suffer the moost stronge tormen-
tes/ For the best trees ben moost
in danger of the wynde or tem-
pest / The ryche
man arrayed in purple and gold

and hath his synghes abowte hi.
 & his armys with moche more no
 blisse/ yet for all that is he often in
 grete trespasse. anguyssh & perylle
 Though he lie in a bedde of silke
 yet is he often in moche more twy-
 ble than he that lieth in raynen or
 in the stralwe/ Bytill whyke endu-
 reth the glory of this worlde/ Say
 me now where ben the synghes the
 prynces. & the myghty/ & the grete
 ryche folkes of this worlde. Al be
 passed. as a shadowe vanysht. &
 as a dreame. And who that enli-
 eth the in the grete gaynes of this
 worlde. shall neuer haue rest. Wht
 fore yf ye wyll haue rest/ cast from
 you the lesse cures of this worlde
 for ryche is but seldom gode with
 out synne. It befallith ofte that they
 that haue grete riches haue not
 allwaie reste. And surepall they y
 moost delite them in them/ For thi
 se earthly charges disouereth man
 from god. For none may haue y
 glorie of god & of the worlde togy-
 der. In this maner may ye knowe
 how ye shold liue a right/ Therefore
 take heed that ye vse not tho thyn-
 ges that ben defende in this litle
 treatise. The moost rightfull oug-
 ht not to trust in his owne coun-
 te/ For our synnes ouerthroweth
 all anone/ yf it be not euery daye
 purged by good werkes/ The syn-
 ful man or woman ought not dis-

pte of the mercy of god For god
 wolde they shold be conuerted & ly-
 ue/ thus as by dyscome is custo-
 mably made grete famphier after
 dyscorde/ Better it is to dyspo-
 se the secular famphier/ than to se
 the saluacyon of the soule. And
 as we haue folowed the euill fol-
 kes to doo euill/ From hence forth
 be we not slowthfull to folow the
 good folkes to doo well/ and goo
 nomore oute of the ryght way
 Who wyll be good. & be fyrst as a
 dysciple. and leaue noo thynge of
 hymself/ Whterby he may after repen-
 te hym. ¶ Therne yf ye wyll wel
 lke & this techyng and counsey-
 le/ the oter that ye behold them the
 more of fruyte ye shal fynde in the
 ym. And god graut vs grace to
 kepe them well: to the ende that it
 may clense vs of al our synes/ and
 make vs holt of all our wretched-
 nesse. Very god & Very man wyth-
 out ende/ by all the worlde/ of the
 worlde. Amen/

Here begynneth a techyng
 by manere of pedyacayon
 made to the peple by master
 Alberte conteynyng ix. articles.

¶ Master Alberte Archbys-
 shop of Colepne sayd thys wordes
 in the prysone of Ihesu cryst/

¶ The fyrste is this. Gue a
 a peny for my loue in thy lyfe wher
 he thou hast powder and selthe

And this shall please me better. & more shall auayle the/than yf me gaaf after thy dethe for the a hpe of siluer/ that were as hpe as fro erth to the skye. ¶ The seconde is were one tere for my suffraunce & passion that I haue suffrid for the & for thy synes/ & it shall please me more/ & be better for the/ than yf y wepte asmoche of tere as is water in the see/ for any other thyng y is bayn & changeable. ¶ The thirde is this/ breke thy slepe/ & thy olde wyll whan thou mayst doo it to worship & prayse me. & it shall please me more. & be better for the than yf men sende yij. knyghtes in good quarrell for the after thy dethe. ¶ The fourth is this/ heere the fewe euill sayeng of thyne neyghbour/ & hurt no body wyllfully. & this shall please me more & be better for the than yf thou wentest barefoote solong y men might folowe the by the trackes of thy blood. ¶ The v. is this/ suffre Joyfulli a hard worde whan men say to the for the loue of me. & this shal please me more & better for the/ than yf it myght be that y suffrest asmany wordes to be broght vpon thy body as myght lye on a grete feld. ¶ The vi. is herberow the poor/ & doo good to them that be nedye. & thou shalt please me more & be better to the/ than yf y fastid xl. yere berde & waite. ¶ The vii. is doo good to thy powder in all y

thou may/ & put peas & loue amonge thy neyghbours/ & it shal please me more & better to the/ than yf y were euery day rauysht to heuē. ¶ The viij. is this/ yf y desire any thyng eyther for soule or for body. or for any other thyng. or cause/ pray therefore herely to myself/ & it shall please me more & better for the/ than yf my inoder & all the sayntes in heuē praied me for the/ somghe it pleth me thyne olde prayer wyth tū hert. ¶ The ix. is this/ loue me souerainly ouer al creatures of good herte/ of good loue & true/ & this shall please me more & be better for y than yf there were a pyller that reachid fro erth to heuē/ and sharpe as rasours / & were possible that y myghtest goo vpon this pyller. & come downe ayeu euery day & not cepe. It pleth me more that thou shouldest loue me faythfully wyth all thy soule. & wyth all thy hert enterly. ¶ Here begynen diuerse treatises & ensamples of saynt poul/ & other doctours in diuynite. ¶ In noie dñi amen/ Chapostle saynt poul sayth/ that all they that wyll liue surely in Ihu cryst shall suffre persecucion. But our lord ihu cryste wyll not that his chosen seruautes faile in tribulacion. For he cōforteth & helpeth them himself & gyueth the vertue of his grace & saith/ Haue no feare I am with you alwaie vnto the ende. / And ha

ue pou the holy scriptures to teche
pou. For by pacience & confort of ho
ly scripture ought al folkes to ha
ue hope in the same that sayd. Trust
te ye in me for I haue ouercomen
the worlde. Wherefore in all & ouer
all is necessary & prouffitabill y^e re
membraunce of the paynful & meke
suffraunce of our lord Ihu crist. It
comforteth in all tribulacion. It sur
mounteth all temptacion. It deli
uereth from all tryssesse. It taketh
away all vayne gladnesse. And
of dyspayres maketh deliuerance.
and is the sure true hox of pa
ience. It is the rule of obedience
and the example of patience. and
sure medicine agayn all euill.
And of all true woordes the very wo
rd. ¶ There were fyve mayster
together. and one asked to a nother
what thyng they shold say of god
& began to speke of tribulacion.
The fyrst master sayd of ony thin
ge we are more noble than tribulaci
on to ony creature liuyng in this
world. god rather wold haue gyue
it to his sone. & therefore he gaaf hi
more to suffer therof than to ony o
ther creature y^e euer was or shall
be. ¶ The iiijth master said y^e ony
creature were as cleane fwee sike as
he was. at thour that he was criste
ned. & might liue y^e new without
e fowly mete. & also that god had
gyue him grace to speke with tha
gol in thayer. soe as he dyd to ma

ry magdalen. yet myght he not dys
serue in this lif soo grette merite as
some deeme in auersite by pacience
beryng. ¶ The thyrde master sayd
of the moder of god. & all the sayn
tes that ben in heuen prayed for a
creature they myght not gete hym
soo grette merite as he shold gete bi
beryng pacietyly aduersite. ¶ The
fourth master sayd that our lord
Ihu crist henge on the crosse halfe
a day. & therfore honour we the cro
sse. But I saye that we oughte by
more grette reason honour tribulaci
on than the crosse. For our lord suf
fryd that more than thyrty yere in
erthe. ¶ The fyfthe master sayd
rather than to leue the leest rewar
de that myght be gotten by patient
suffryng of tribulacion. he had as
leue foretelle the sight of god vnto
the day of come. An holy man say
the y^e noth is worthi to haue tribu
lacion. but such as desire it gladly.
Tribulacion quencheth the sinnes
tribulacion arapeth the persone to
know y^e secret of god. tribulacion
maketh a man to know himself. & o
ther. & multiplieth y^e vertues. & pre
uith hi as gold in the furnays of
god. & charite. this doth tribulacion.
Tribulacion bie th aye the time los
te. & the creature enliueth with in
nocense. & maketh hi able to recei
ue al the woordes that god giueth to
his freeres. & it is the trespour y^e no
ne may be comparid to tribulacion.

6. Bneith the creature to gode/ And that is the most certeyn wele that is.

¶ Also aslypeth the syxe mayster wherfore we suffer soo enuyously tybulacyon/ And it is answered for thre causes/ The fyrst is for we haue litell loue to god/ The seconde for we thynke litell of the rewarde that god wyll gyue vs therfore/ The thyrde for this that we thynke full litell of the sufferaunce that our lorde Ihesu cryst suffered for vs/ Praised maye he be of hys grete bountee. Amen:

¶ Thus endeth this present booke which treateth fyrst of the gloryous passion of our Sauour/ and of the compasceon that his blessed moder had therof/ And also sheweth in a nother treatyse folowynge wherfore we ought to loue our saour more than any other thyng:

¶ Also sheweth a nother treatise moche proufftable for reformacyon of soules refoyled wyth any of the vii. deadly synnes.

¶ Item a nother treatyse shewynge the signes of goostly loue.

¶ Item a treatise of the Vertues, & of the braunches of the appetyte which is expounded morally as is before exprest/

¶ Also folowynge is declared wher

by men maye seeke the loue of our lorde Ihesu cryst.

¶ And the last treatyse of this forsayd booke scrupth to exhorte the persone to eschewe/ and haue in cōten.pce all euyl thoughtes/ And to reduce themself in all poyntes to good werkes/ Vnder the hope of dyspayre. aza. x.

Which booke was lately translated oute of furnsh in to englyshe by a Right well dysposed persone/ for by cause the sayd persone thought it necessary to al deuout peple to rede/ or to heere it rede/ And also caused the sayd booke to be enprynted/



